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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1912

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# The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1912.

## The Week

The acclaim with which Gov. Wilson's utterances at Syracuse have been greeted shows how ripe the party is for revolt in the State of New York. It has been no satisfaction for men of conscience to feel that this is the most backward of all our States in throwing over the machines and breaking up the alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics. Now, the feeling is everywhere that the time has come to strike. Even the most experienced Democratic politicians shake their heads when asked privately how Mr. Straus will run, and admit that he will run extremely well. Only three things keep thousands of independent Democrats from going over to Mr. Straus: Complete distrust of Theodore Roosevelt; dislike of the wild planks in the Progressive platform, and the hope of a Democratic candidate of the type of Mr. McAdoo or of George McAneny. If Murphy should dominate at Syracuse, thousands of men who are on the fence will go to Straus as the most effective way of punishing Murphy, while thousands of others will go to a Democratic ticket, if one is nominated by the Empire State Democracy. How Mr. Wilson's candidacy will suffer by this every one familiar with politics knows. How can Boss Murphy be permitted to jeopardize the national ticket by his stupid folly?

In Connecticut, there is no trouble about the Democratic situation. Gov. Baldwin has been renominated by unanimous consent, and the party is therefore in shape to go before the people of the State as standing for government of the best type. To say that Gov. Baldwin is not subject to boss rule in any shape would be absurdly superfluous; he represents and embodies the idea of public service by high-minded men, fully equipped for the performance of difficult duties, willing to devote to these their undivided energies, and beyond all suspicion of being influenced by any desire but that of promoting the welfare of the commonwealth. At the end of his two years' term of office, he finds himself confirmed in the confidence of

the citizens of Connecticut, and his party can enter upon the campaign, both for its State ticket and the national ticket, in the spirit that leads to victory. It is by such candidacies in the several States that the cause of the Democratic party in the great contest for the Presidency can be strengthened.

In taking measures to weed out of the Republican National Committee any members who are not loyal to the party ticket, Chairman Hilles is merely carrying out the dictates of common sense. This is so, quite irrespective of any question concerning the fairness or unfairness, the validity or invalidity, of the action of the Chicago Convention which nominated Taft. As a matter of fact, the party of which the National Committee is the representative in this campaign is committed to Taft as its candidate; and another and quite distinct party has been formed which is likewise committed to the candidacy of the man who was Taft's rival in the Convention. Disgust at or condemnation of the action of the Republican Convention may very properly, in the case of any National Committeeman, take the shape of resignation of his post and affiliation with the new party; but to stay in the governing body of the old while sympathizing with or working for the new is preposterous.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey has bought the *New York Press*, according to his own formal announcement, with a double object in view. One is to further the election of Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency. The other is to further the election to the Presidency of a man whose victory would mean "the continuation of a tariff that protects the American wage against the cheap wage abroad." Since there can be only one President of the United States at one time, it follows that Mr. Roosevelt is again the man wanted. But we are really not left to conjecture on the point. Mr. Munsey assures us that Roosevelt stands "for the economic policies for which this paper has always stood." The economic policies for which the *Press* has always stood are indicated by its history. It was founded as a Protective Tariff organ. It was owned for a time

by a wealthy woollen manufacturer. It has been a consistent supporter of high protective duties. The entire tone of Mr. Munsey's salutory carries one back twenty-five years to America's infant industries, the cheap man in a cheap coat, and the full dinner-pail. Is Mr. Roosevelt ready to accept this interpretation of his campaign as presented to the people of the first city in the land? Or is Mr. Munsey to be rebuked for venturing to draw the tariff red herring across the trail?

It is said also that the policy of the Democratic party toward the negro has been brutal, and the policy of the Republican party hypocritical. I answer that the policy of the Progressive party is both brutal and hypocritical, and if there is a choice of one of two evils, I prefer one to both.

We take this extract from the speech of Mr. W. H. Lewis, the Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, because he speaks as one of the colored men of this country who have risen highest and made the most of themselves. If the Progressive straddle at Chicago should have appealed to any one, it might have appealed to Mr. Lewis, who attended the Bull Moose Convention, and saw that whole emotional proceeding which wound up for him with closing the "door of hope" for his people. But he will have none of it, and neither will thousands of others. For once the negro vote will be really divided. It is going to all three of the candidates, and there will be thousands of stay-at-homes besides—American citizens who feel that no party holds out any hope to them that their Constitutional rights will be assured, or that they may have the simplest justice in a large part of this land.

A careful study of the dispatches from Washington makes it clear that, in the belief of the capital at any rate, intervention by the United States is inevitable, but great uncertainty exists as to just where the United States ought to intervene. Last week Mexico seemed as good a field as any for American troops. On last Saturday the claims of Santo Domingo came in for respectful consideration. To-day Cuba has forged to the front. To-morrow the question of sending reinforcement to Nicaragua may

help to pass a pleasant afternoon for the young men who are now directing the destinies of the nation at Washington. The interesting fact must have occurred to a great many people that the issues of peace and war are debated at Washington while the President of the United States is at Beverly, the Secretary of State is in Japan, and the Secretary of War is somewhere in California. The young men left in charge recognize that the opportunity is theirs, but, unlike Horace Greeley's young man, they are apparently perplexed as to whether they ought to go West, South, East, or North.

A press clipping bureau would seem to be entitled to an order from the Navy Department, for within ten days of the British Admiralty's announcement of a 25 knot battleship, we learn from Washington that our newest battleship is to be the fastest in the world, with a speed of 22 knots. Why our ships should always lag behind the British in the matter of speed we cannot understand. When they are put in service, we are convinced they are as well officered and manned and individually as smartly handled as those of any other nation. But is the designing department really as up-to-date? The press dispatches always assure us that the boat just being planned is to be the most efficient the world has ever seen—and then it appears that our destroyers are five knots behind those of England, our armored cruisers slower than those of Germany, while in heavy guns per ship we seem to be behind Japan's latest. But there is no doubt that the vessel just authorized by Congress will be extremely formidable in character, as well as in cost.

To regard the postponement of agitation for currency and banking reform until after the Presidential election as a blow to the cause is, we feel sure, a misapprehension of the facts. It is the best and most earnest friends of a solid and lasting improvement who have been most convinced of the inadvisability of forcing the issue into the excitement, confusion, and uncertainty of a Presidential campaign, and especially such a campaign as is now under way. Such postponement does not imply any relaxation of effort on the part of those who recognize the incalculable impor-

tance of the subject and who have devoted themselves to its study and to the consideration of the ways and means by which it may be hoped satisfactorily to attain the object in view.

On one subject which came up in the Bankers' Convention at Detroit, there is likelihood of something important being accomplished in the not distant future and without serious opposition. This is the development of agricultural credit facilities on a large scale, upon plans of organization suggested by the experience of European countries. The paper read by Mr. Charles A. Conant will doubtless do a great deal to stimulate knowledge of, and interest in, these plans among men whose influence in promoting them will be of the utmost value. Coöperative credit associations among farmers, unlike many other schemes for the wider dissemination of prosperity, present the advantage of being wholly free from the taint of patronage or paternalism. They are schemes for genuine self-help, under which responsibility and benefit go hand in hand.

The proposal of the director of the postal savings system, as outlined in his speech at the Bankers' Convention, that the limit of \$100 per month for any single deposit account be removed, will need some discussion. The proviso was inserted in the law, if we remember rightly, not with a view to restricting the facilities of the system, but through doubt as to whether indefinitely large amounts could safely be re-deposited by the postal savings office in private depository banks, under the stipulations of the law. In other words, the question was, to what extent the Government depository could be sure of earning the interest which it undertakes to pay to its own depositors. Mr. Weed's further suggestion that, with removal of restrictions on the amount of a given postal savings deposit, the Government office would be of high service in a panic, is interesting. At such a time, he thinks, frightened people who drew out their deposits from private banks would undoubtedly re-deposit in the postal savings institution, which would thereupon promptly place the money again with solvent private banks.

Such a sequence of events is entirely possible; it might conceivably put an

end to "money-hoarding" such as that of the panic of 1907, when the Secretary of the Treasury estimated that no less than \$296,000,000 currency had disappeared from sight in the whole United States. But whether or not all of that \$296,000,000 cash, or any very essential part of it, would have gone into the postal savings, had such an institution been in the field in 1907, is at least debatable. A very great part of the hoarding of that season was the work of business and manufacturing concerns with large weekly pay-rolls, which they feared it might be impossible to meet if their banks suspended cash payment to depositors. A further part was taken out with a view to the probable premium which might be paid in checks for currency. Perhaps still more was withdrawn from sheer blind fright, which seized on whole communities and made them eager to get the actual cash in their own possession. All of these influences would be met by a proper centralization of the banking credit system, with a scientifically-ordered system of banknote issues. But whether the postal savings bank would meet them, may perhaps be doubted.

In the wild rush for great speed, and in the desire to amuse vast crowds of spectators with foolhardy "stunts" in the air, the most ordinary caution appears to have been thrown to the winds of late by aviators, and the death list has been appalling. So far as can be learned from the records, the monoplane is responsible for most of the trouble, and the action of the British War Office in barring its use in the service is most opportune and commendable. According to Orville Wright the monoplane can never be as safe as the biplane, since it lacks the structural strength of the older machine; but the public must be amused, and "records" are necessary in this age, so the lighter and more mobile flying machine, in which "circus" flights may be made, will be used until those willing to risk their lives have been killed, or laws have been enacted to regulate the navigation of the air.

M. Vedrines, the eminent French aviator, who made a flying visit to this country to carry off the Bennett cup for speed at Chicago, declared his astonishment that the United States, "the



birthplace of aviation," should have done so little towards the development of the art. America was standing still, he said, and he was substantially right; but presumably he did not know that the chief reason for this apparent stagnation has been the patent suits brought by the Wrights to uphold their claim to the sole right to make aeroplanes in this country. So far as the biplane is concerned, France has done little, the energies of the aeroplanists there being directed towards the monoplane; and speed has been about the only progress shown. Vedrines also declared that French machines would soon be able to fly 200 miles an hour, and that the journey across the Atlantic between dawn and dark would be possible. It might be as well, however, for him to consider that the monoplanes have yet to make a distance-record approaching that of biplanes, and that no monoplane has yet been constructed with a fuel capacity for 2,800 miles, or anything approaching that distance. Even biplanes have yet to make a flight of 1,000 miles.

Coming after a series of bye-elections which have gone almost uniformly against the Liberals, the loss of Midlothian, Mr. Gladstone's old seat, constitutes a serious blow to the Asquith forces, both in fact and in prestige. The defeat can be explained, but not explained away. At the last election the coalition Liberal-Labor majority in the constituency was 3,157. In the present election the Laborites ran an independent candidate and polled above 2,400 votes. Had these been cast for the Liberal candidate, he would have won by a majority of 2,381, which might have been a good enough showing in an off year, but still would have been a net loss of nearly 800 votes. But the crucial question is now whether the Labor party is ready to carry the break with the Liberals into Parliament. It is easily conceivable how they might use their power outside of the Commons for the purpose of teaching their allies an object lesson. It is not so easy to imagine that the Labor people will unite with the Opposition to turn out the Government and thus sacrifice the many favors which they still have reason to expect from the Asquith Ministry. But while not probable, such a change is not impossible. The Irish have nothing

to hope for from the Unionists; that party's position on Home Rule is too well defined to make bargaining possible. But the Labor people may obtain their price from the Opposition, which before this has known how to make concessions when necessary.

The conflict between the French Government and the teachers' unions seems destined to result in at least a temporary setback for the entire revolutionary movement in France. The growth of extremist ideas in the elementary schools has for some time constituted a serious problem. The movement began as part of the revolt against clerical influence which had its political expression in the war upon the religious schools and in the separation of Church and State. The conservative element protested that "secular" instruction in the schools was really assuming the form of anti-religious instruction. But in the short course of half a dozen years the movement has taken a still wider swing. From being merely atheistic, a state of affairs which the majority of the nation might have regarded with complacency, the character of the instruction and the public activity of the schoolmasters have become anti-patriotic and anti-social. The teachings of Gustave Hervé have entered the schools. Contempt for the army and the flag has been preached in the classrooms. The climax came last month when, at a congress of teachers' associations held in Northeastern France, near the Alsatian frontier, strong anti-militarist resolutions were adopted. The Ministry immediately ordered the dissolution of the teachers' associations.

The criticisms levelled by M. Pierre Mille against the duelling system as it flourishes in France carry weight not only as emanating from one who has fought a great many duels. M. Pierre Mille, as those who have been fortunate enough to make his acquaintance in the columns of the *Temps* can testify, is a ripe philosopher and a profound student of human traits and motives. He is competent in every way to speak on the subject. His main contention is that the duelling habit involves an enormous waste of time for the four men who must participate in the rôle of seconds. There is a great deal of running about in taxicabs involved, and telephoning to

the newspapers, and making arrangements with photographers, and other indispensable details of a French affair of honor. This burden falls on the friends of the principals, whereas the latter may quietly attend to their business up to within half an hour before the combat and resume half an hour after. It is not detracting from the credit due M. Mille to point out that many years ago Mark Twain brought the same charge against the French duel. He showed that the only people who incurred danger in a French duel were the seconds, who were frequently borne violently to the ground by the fainting forms of the duellists. It is doubtful whether mere newspaper criticism will suffice to undermine this popular exercise. But some day a calamity will happen, one of the combatants will be seriously hurt, and the evil practice will be swept away in an outburst of general indignation and horror.

When the conqueror of Port Arthur chose to follow his Emperor to the grave, was it in simple, unquestioning compliance with the ancient code of Bushido, or was there also the intention to set his countrymen a lesson and a reminder? Gen. Nogi belonged in spirit and outlook to the old Japan, and there must have been many things in the Japan of to-day that he regarded with displeasure and apprehension. We must remember that the Mikado's people are not the superhumanly loyal, tractable, self-devoted race that became a legend after their extraordinary achievements in the war against Russia. Since then we have learned that under a sufficient provocation they will behave very much like other people. When crops fail and taxes grow unbearable, they will riot. When Cabinet Ministers displease them, even though these Ministers are supposed to embody the Emperor's will, they will have parliamentary protests and crises. There is a Socialist party in Japan, and there is an Anarchist movement, as was shown in the recent execution of more than a dozen conspirators against the life of the Emperor. Did Gen. Nogi deplore these manifestations of the modern spirit among his countrymen? Did he believe that by his dramatic act of sacrifice he could call the spirit of the nation back from its new vagaries to the old standards and loyalties?

## DELUSIONS ABOUT THE CONSTITUTION.

With the political atmosphere in our own country charged with all manner of loose thinking, it is not surprising that there should be found in foreign discussion of our situation an abundance of confident and sweeping assertion based on anything but an accurate consideration of facts. And, inasmuch as the Federal Constitution is at once the most distinctive feature of our historic polity and the institution most notably exposed to criticism and attack on the part of sanguine reformers at home, it is natural that the place of that instrument in the past and future of American government should be a favorite topic of foreign commentators on our affairs. That the Constitution is, for all practical purposes, incapable of amendment is a notion which, unfortunately, was often maintained by American journalists, in former years, without much serious or logical thought, and without any particular purpose or bias. The notion was commonly expressed in connection with some proposal of minor significance, perhaps some proposal that had come up, in one shape or another, a score of times without attracting much public interest; and it rested almost entirely on the mere empirical fact that the Constitution had remained unamended since the early years of the Republic, except for the amendments which were brought about by the Civil War.

In recent years, however, a very different character has been given to the matter. The Constitution has been represented as embodying a cast-iron system, which, on the one hand, so long as it is unchanged, fatally trammels every effort at social and economic adjustment to changing conditions, and which, on the other hand, was designedly so intrenched in its position that it cannot itself be changed. Both of these notions are held with great earnestness, and expressed with great confidence, by persons who take little trouble to examine into the basis of either. Their state of mind is well reflected in this passage from an article in the *London Fortnightly Review* on "The New Political America":

Think of a Constitution so wisely put together, so complete in every detail, that any meddling with it on the part of posterity is unnecessary. Somebody once said, not quite convincingly, that you cannot legislate for posterity. More certainly it

is impossible to make a Constitution for the centuries to come after, because conditions change with progress. New discoveries like electricity mean new systems of life altogether, and their results have to be grafted into the body social and politic.

One might imagine, from the last sentence, that the Constitution of the United States contained a minute code of rules governing the relations of men in industry and commerce; rules framed to suit the primitive condition of the arts and of business which obtained a hundred years ago, but wholly antiquated through the introduction of the telegraph and the dynamo. In point of fact, the restraints imposed by the Constitution—apart from those relating to the division of powers between the States and the central Government—are of the broadest and simplest kind, and have reference only to the fundamental relations of man to man, and of the individual to the Government; the principles on which these restraints turn are unaffected by anything that has yet been done, or that is likely to be done, by the progress of physical science or mechanical invention. The application of these broad and simple provisions leaves plenty of room for variations in judicial interpretation, and the changing conditions of industrial organization should be reflected in corresponding changes in that interpretation; and this is precisely what is taking place. The provisions are designed to preserve certain fundamental rights; and if, in the course of time, what had once seemed an interpretation fitted to fulfil this object becomes an obstacle in the way of fulfilment, experience shows that we have ample reason to trust that the needed adjustment will be made in a reasonable time. The process may sometimes seem slow, but this is the price we pay for defence against evils far more serious.

The other notion—that we are living under a Constitution which cannot be changed by ordinary process—is largely responsible for the various forms of nullification talk which have recently become so familiar. Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for the reversal of judicial decisions by popular vote, though on its face aimed at State courts and at State Constitutions, really derives most of whatever force it has from feelings current among agitators against the Constitution of the United States. State Constitutions, as everybody knows, are

easily changed; whatever the advocates of the "recall of decisions" may say, they are really at the heart thinking of the United States Constitution. But so inadequate and so nebulous is their thinking that they ignore the difference between the difficulty of amending the Federal Constitution and the ease of amending State Constitutions; nor is this all. Just while they are raising all this clamor, two important amendments to the Federal Constitution—both of them of a distinctly "progressive" character—are well on their way to adoption, after only a short period of really vigorous or general effort; this they conveniently forget. But the queerest thing about the whole propaganda is the defence repeatedly put forward against the charge that recall of decisions by popular vote would be a dangerous innovation. Why, say some of their foremost spokesmen—and Mr. Roosevelt first of all—we propose nothing but what has been done in the past, both by separate States and by the Union. When a court's interpretation of a Constitutional provision has been found objectionable, the Constitution has been changed; and is this not the recall of a judicial decision? With such mental confusion it is difficult to deal; when a man has an *idée fixe*, you can do little with him. But to persons whose minds are in ordinary working order, it must be plain that the fact that our Constitutions are already capable of being changed by an orderly and rational process is not an argument in favor of causing their provisions, as understood by the courts, to be subject to summary nullification by popular vote.

## FEDERALISM AND CENTRALIZATION.

At a time when in this country the tendency has become pronounced to make the triumph of progressive ideas largely dependent upon, if not actually synonymous with, an important extension in the powers of the central government, it is interesting to note that in England the stress of events is quite in the opposite direction. The present Liberal Government may be guilty of counting its chickens before they are hatched, but for some time it has been known that Home Rule is held by many Liberals to be but the initial step in an elaborate programme of decentral-



ization, under which Scotland and Wales are also to have their own Parliaments. Mr. Winston Churchill went much further than this in his speech of last Thursday at Dundee. There he outlined a scheme of federal home rule that called for the creation of ten or a dozen local legislatures for the United Kingdom, acting under the authority of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The fundamental reason for such a wholesale redistribution of legislative functions has long been familiar. The Imperial Parliament is cluttered up with business of a nature totally unsuited to the dignity of such an august assembly. To-day it legislates for the four hundred million people of India, and to-morrow it engages in solemn discussion of parish pump issues. And not infrequently it is on parish pump issues that party alliances are made and unmade and Ministries rise and fall.

The details of the British situation do not concern us now. The point is that where we have been taught to associate government efficiency with centralization, in England they are striving for government efficiency through decentralization. Moreover, the cause of federalism is advocated by the party many of whose ideals have been borrowed by the centralizing Progressives in our own country. Evidently, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George are convinced that the cause of social reconstruction is not endangered by setting up a large number of provincial assemblies corresponding to our State Legislatures. It is very probable that far-reaching legislative measures, in the line of the old-age pension law, the insurance law, and the minimum wage law, will not be entrusted to these local assemblies. It is precisely to leave the Imperial Parliament free to discuss such grave measures in full leisure, that the local assemblies are designed. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the English Radicals have no apprehension lest their programmes of social reform should be endangered by the opposition of local interests acting through the local legislatures. While we in this country are being taught that State's rights are as obsolete as the Constitution by which they were established, Mr. Winston Churchill, in defending the federalist scheme, "argued from the examples of the United States, Germany, Canada,

and Australia to show the immense advantages of such a system."

Mr. Churchill includes Germany among his federalist states. Formally, of course, it is that. The Empire is a federal association comprising kingdoms, principalities, and city republics, each possessing large powers of self-government. And yet it is of Germany we think first of all when we speak of a highly centralized type of government. The point is, of course, that we use centralized in a double sense. Centralized may mean completely unified in the sense that all local liberties and distinctions cease to exist; in this sense Germany is not centralized. Or the word may mean the concentration of large powers in the hands of the Government. This, of course, is true of Germany in the sense that the Governments of the separate states play an enormous part in the regulation of the lives of their citizens. When we speak of the extraordinary efficiency of the German people as being due in very large measure to the centralized government system in Germany, it is well to ask one's self how much of this efficiency is due to Prussian predominance in the Empire, and how much to the great development of government functions that obtains in the separate states. Actually, the powers of the Imperial Parliament, the Reichstag, are far from unlimited. The separate parliaments, notably that of Bavaria, enjoy larger autonomous powers than any of our State Legislatures. Yet that fact has not kept the kingdom of Bavaria lagging behind the rest of the Empire.

The situation in the United States may be thus summed up: The radical reformers believe that such progressive measures as the protection of the working classes, the suppression of child labor, the establishment of a minimum wage, pensions of various kinds, and so on, demand a large increase in the functions of the Federal Government. They are conscious of the varying standards and ideals in the different States, and they feel that such steps in the right direction as one State will make are often nullified by the refusal of other States to coöperate. The diversity of our divorce laws is perhaps the most notable illustration of what many people regard as the essential vice of federalist government. But is not this diversity and clash of State standards

and interests a condition actually favorable to progress by making legislative experimentation possible?

Centralization is no guarantee of increased efficiency or rapid progress in the direction of genuine reform. Cast child labor into Congress, and the influence of a dozen reactionary States may keep the entire country back for years, whereas to-day the enlightened majority in the separate States are in a position to deal with the child labor evil promptly and effectively. How, it may be asked, can a minority of a dozen reactionary States in Congress frustrate a majority of three dozen States? The answer is that, owing to the give and take method of conducting parliamentary business, a group of twelve States wields an enormous power. Log-rolling is one of the surest defences of evil causes, and log-rolling will increase as a legislative body gets cluttered up with more and more business.

#### THE THIRD PARTY AND THE TRUSTS.

Perhaps it is the public's underlying belief in the foredoomed failure of the Third Party campaign which explains the lack of aggressive controversy over its platform as a whole; perhaps it is the mere multifariousness of those proposals, and the virtual impossibility of grappling with them all at once. Which ever explanation be correct, the fact is that a budget of plans for sweeping innovation in fundamental public policies—enough in number to equip half a dozen electoral campaigns with topics for controversy—has scarcely been touched in the political debate. The recall of judicial decisions has, for special reasons, been a focus of animated discussion. The protective-tariff plank has been brought to closer public notice because of the extraordinary interpretation of its purposes by the candidate himself. But of the fifty or sixty other planks of the Chicago platform—including radical declarations on such intricate public questions as the currency, the enactment of a minimum-wage law, the initiative and referendum, and the insurance of workmen against involuntary non-employment—few have as yet received anything but the most vague and general discussion on the stump, even from the Third Party's own orators.

One of its declarations, however, can-

not safely be left to such neglect, because it involves an immediate issue in our public policy, and because, moreover, it marks a certain line of cleavage in opinion, extending beyond the bounds even of the Progressive party. We refer to the attitude of the party and its candidate towards the Trusts. Concerning this, the Convention declared for "a strong Federal administrative commission of high standing, which shall maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce," while Mr. Roosevelt himself has repeatedly asserted that the Anti-Trust law is a failure, that the concentration of given industries into single corporations, on the scale of our present Trusts, is absolutely essential to maintenance of the country's commercial prestige, that such organizations need not be interfered with except when guilty of wicked practices towards competitors, and that the proposed Federal commission should see to it that the prices of their goods are not raised too high.

This is in substance the plan proposed by the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, in his testimony of last year before the Stanley Committee. It was evidently put forth then as a refuge from the awkward alternative of abandoning maintenance of an arbitrary price for steel, or submitting to Federal prosecution under the Anti-Trust law. Our own opinion on that expedient was plainly set forth at the time. We agreed with the chief author of the Anti-Trust statute of 1890, ex-Senator Edmunds, that such a commission, in the light of all human experience, "would be in danger of becoming the victim of political influences, if not the cause of them." The *Call*, the Socialist organ, publicly drew the inference at once that "if what Judge Gary described as Government regulation and supervision does not lead to Government ownership, it leads nowhere and changes nothing." Wall Street itself shrank from the contemplation of so enormous a stride in the direction of State Socialism.

In the current number of *Collier's*, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, one of the highest practical authorities on the subject, dissects in masterly fashion the Third Party's Trust plank. First, he strikes at the commonest of all delusions in the matter—the red herring, skillfully

drawn across the trail, which diverted into a bog of chaotic inference at least one United States judge, one Presidential candidate, and one of the three present parties. How can our economic expansion be pursued, they ask, if we prohibit "big business"? How can we compete with foreign manufacturers, if our Government forbids any but small and ill-equipped home concerns?

Mr. Brandeis answers thus:

No argument could be more misleading. . . . Neither the Sherman act nor any of the proposed perfecting amendments contain any prohibition of mere size. Under them a business may grow as large as it will or can—without any restriction or without any presumption arising against it. It is only when a monopoly is attempted, or when a business, instead of being allowed to grow large, is made large by combining competing business in restraint of trade, that the Sherman Law and the proposed perfecting amendments can have any application.

Mr. Brandeis takes his stand upon the principle, perfectly well known to all practical business men, that "In America there is no line of business in which all or most concerns or plants must be concentrated in order to attain the size of greatest efficiency." Great size may be a handicap to efficiency. This is absolutely demonstrated, he holds, by four facts, established by the whole history of the American Trusts:

First, no conspicuous American Trust owes its existence to the desire for increased efficiency. On the contrary, the purpose of combining has often been to curb efficiency or even to preserve inefficiency, thus frustrating the natural law of survival of the fittest. Second, no conspicuously profitable Trust owes its profits largely to superior efficiency. Conspicuous profits have been secured mainly through control of the market—through the power of monopoly to fix prices—through this exercise of the taxing power. Third, no conspicuous Trust has been efficient enough to maintain long as against the independents its proportion of the business of the country without continuing to buy up, from time to time, its successful competitors. Fourth, most of the Trusts which did not secure monopolistic position have failed to show marked success or efficiency, as compared with independent competing concerns.

We commend to every one interested in the problem, and to every voter in doubt upon this question, a careful reading of the pointed instances, expert testimony, and inexorable logic, with which Mr. Brandeis bulwarks these positions. When the reader knows the actual facts about the case, he will be considerably less apt, we imagine, to regard with patience a deliberate plan for licensing monopoly in production—something

which the world has fought against since modern civilization began, and which is proposed to-day at the very moment when the country is crying out against "monopoly prices" for the necessities of life.

#### ON GETTING AWAY WITH IT.

A Socialist orator can usually explain anything. But there was one puzzle which the Socialist State Senator from Wisconsin who several days ago unfurled the red flag under Mr. J. P. Morgan's office windows could not explain. He was discussing the character of various public men. Smith he could understand very well—Smith was only a tool of the interests, and not a very efficient tool at that. Jones was a good deal like Smith, only much more adroit. But Robinson defied classification. And here the orator rose to a pitch of eloquence strongly suggestive of the Authorized Version in its simple elegance, if in no other way. "Robinson is anything you please. Any old thing any old time. And he gets away with it. That's what gets my goat." Now, as we have already intimated, the capture of a Socialist stump speaker's goat is one of the most difficult zoological feats imaginable. When such a man declares himself nonplussed in the face of a certain situation, what shall be said of the plain, everyday citizen untrained in the Marxian analysis? And, actually, there are a great many plain citizens to-day who watch with growing amazement Robinson's extraordinary success in getting away with it. Robinson is one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. He is one thing in Massachusetts and another thing in Oregon. He is one thing to white men and another thing to colored men. And in Massachusetts and in Oregon, by white men and by colored men, Robinson's gospel is received with equal ardor and confidence.

But the case of Robinson has passed beyond the point of his being able to get away with it with impunity. A large part of his popularity is founded upon admiration for the very facility with which he gets away with it. There are big Robinsons and little Robinsons, but the behavior of their worshippers is very much the same. They love Robinson for the unwarranted assertions he has made. They revel in his contradictions. They delight in the fine audacity



of his *non sequiturs*. In his ability to confound black with white whenever necessary they detect a peculiar virtue of the superman. "Is it true," the reporter asks Robinson, "that in Minnesota last October you declared that the moon is made of green cheese and that any one who said it is not is a liar?" "It is true," says Robinson. "Is it also true," says the reporter, "that in Pennsylvania on Monday last you announced your firm belief that only the inmates of a home for the feeble-minded would dream of denying that the moon is made of honey and saltpetre?" "I did make such a statement," says Robinson. "How do you reconcile the two statements?" asks the reporter. "I don't reconcile them," says Robinson. "Both statements are equally true, one in Minnesota and the other in Pennsylvania." And a great many plain citizens, on reading the interview published next morning, smite the table emphatically and say, "That's the man for us. He is not like your ordinary politician. He is not afraid to speak out his own mind."

It is the dramatic contrast he presents to the ordinary politician that constitutes Robinson's chief stock in trade. The old-line politician has worked so uniformly under a mask of sweet reasonableness and virtue that he has brought these qualities under suspicion. We have been betrayed so often by statesmen who can always explain their every action that we have been driven into the belief that the only honest man is the one whose logic breaks down. There is a fine robustness about denying that two and two make four, which seems to qualify a man for the drastic work of social reconstruction demanded by the times. People feel that the man who can break a promise is the man to smash a Trust. The man who can look an inconsistency in the face without blinking is the man who will look a wicked plutocrat in the face and send him about his business. Thus, where the old-type politician employed "pussy-foot" methods, the new-type politician gets away with it. In revolt against the gum-shoe, we turn to the bull in the china shop. When the bull first entered the china shop there must have been people who admired the fine, honest clatter of it all. As Wedgewood dinner sets went crashing into Sèvres teapots, and Bohemian salad dishes became indistinguishably merged with German

jardinières, people must have felt that whatever else the bull might be, he was not a hypocrite.

Robinson is not a new phenomenon. His popularity is founded on the ancient belief that a critical disease calls for a violent remedy; also that the men who do things cannot be particular about trifles. Before Danton it was recognized that there are emergencies which demand *de l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*. Only Robinson represents the perversion of a well-established truth. He typifies the unjustifiable converse that audacity always means sincerity and effectiveness. He also typifies the wrong kind of audacity. Real statesmen have always been audacious in dealing with matters where the small politician has practiced caution. The small politician lives in a land of ghosts that must constantly be placated. He spends most of his time propitiating the labor vote, the German vote, the Irish vote, the Catholic vote, the Jewish vote, the railway interests, the manufacturing interests, the 'longshoremen interests. The real statesman makes a clean sweep of all these shadows, and by an appeal to fundamental human principles and realities wins his victory. He, too, gets away with it, but in a perfectly legitimate way; in the only right way. Robinson's audacity is of a different kind. It consists in persuading the German vote, the labor vote, the 'longshoreman's vote, and the Wall Street vote that he is for all of them, and if their interests are conflicting he is still for all of them. How he does it is a marvel.

#### THE REVIVAL IN BUSINESS.

We believe the signs of the times to be unmistakable in their testimony that the country is moving rapidly into a period of great prosperity. Some sort of revival in trade and industry, from the depression which necessarily followed the panic of 1907, would have been fairly due by this time, under any circumstances. Five years have elapsed since the crisis of that year, and in our economic history that is abundant time for the process of liquidation and recuperation. The notable trade recovery which started in the autumn of 1897 and opened a new industrial era for the United States, occurred only four years after the panic of 1893. An interval of six years, after 1873, was sufficient to

bring the country up to the great revival of 1879. The business community might reasonably, therefore, have looked now for the return of something like genuine good times, even under ordinary influences and conditions.

But the influences and conditions under which American industry is entering the autumn of 1912 are not ordinary. That the business horizon should have presented a picture of cautious retrenchment, careful economy, prudent use of credit, absence of speculation, and low stocks of every sort of merchandise, was to be expected. It is the lesson of panics like 1907 that the business world must resume such conservative policies before it can get on its feet again after its previous excesses, and the lesson is not thoroughly learned until our merchants and manufacturers have tried to get back to "boom times" without such preparation (as they did in 1909 and 1895) and have met with decisive failure. When they have taken the lesson to heart and have put their house properly in order, it has always heretofore been the case that something happened to bring the movement of real recovery to a head, and hasten beyond all expectations the return to prosperous times.

What has happened this season will bear comparison with most of the famous industrial windfalls of the country's history. During three or four years the United States had been losing ground in agriculture. Our cotton crops had not been large enough to keep the Fall River mills on full time; our wheat crops had left so small a surplus over home consumption that exports fell to an annual total hardly matched in thirty years. The experts told us (as they usually do on such occasions) that the fertility of the American cotton belt was beginning to be exhausted, and that we were reaching the period when the American wheat farms could not feed the people of America.

On top of this situation, with granaries and cotton storehouses as depleted as were merchants' shelves, there came in the first place a cotton crop 16 per cent. above the previous maximum, and now, as the grain harvest of 1912 approaches, the Government's estimates predict the largest crops of corn, oats, and spring-sown wheat in the country's history. The total wheat crop, notwithstanding the bad luck of the

early harvest in the Central States, will probably exceed the 700,000,000-bushel yield which has heretofore been recorded only in the years of great agricultural abundance, 1906 and 1901. Much the same story comes from every other grain and fodder crop, nearly all of which ran disastrously short last autumn. In curious resemblance to the seasons which opened the last two genuine industrial revivals in this country, Nature seems this year to have been as unkind to the European grain producer as she has been propitious to our own. In England especially, the best foreign customer for our wheat, the *London Economist* estimates the wheat crop shortage as the most serious since 1879, and that means a large and profitable export trade, for which we shall have the grain to spare.

There is abundant testimony to the bearing of these conditions on American industry at large. Iron production is one "barometer of prosperity," and the country's output in the usually dull months of July and August has broken all records for the period, and, unlike such seasons of temporary expansion as 1909, this is being accompanied by rapidly decreasing unsold stocks. The steel trade, the *Iron Age* testifies, has not been as active as it is to-day since the panic of 1907. Even in the copper industry, which has long been halting, last week's report for August showed the largest production of any month in five years, yet with home consumption and exports absorbing nearly 3 per cent. more than the month's production. What business of all descriptions seems to be preparing for, may be judged from the fact that the freight-car facilities of the railways are so far pressed into immediate service that the side-tracked and idle cars are already at an abnormally low total figure, and railway men expect they will all have been put to active work before the end of the present month.

We have mentioned, without any effort at overcoloring the picture, the facts in the business situation which convince us that a genuine and far-reaching American trade revival is at hand. It will perhaps be answered, by people skeptically inclined, that the stock market, which is supposed to reflect such things, is not moving; that we have an exciting Presidential election on our hands, and that the social

unrest of the day is enough to offset big crops or a profitable steel trade and make us unprosperous in spite of everything else. We do not profess to have penetrated the mysteries of the Stock Exchange, except to learn that that market sometimes "discounts" events and situations long in advance, and is also sometimes more concerned with the problem of money-market facilities for speculation than with the general argument for or against that speculation. In the matter of the Presidential contest, experience teaches that, as a rule, prosperity is more apt to affect the result of an election than electoral results are apt to affect prosperity. And even as to "social unrest," is it altogether unreasonable to suppose that at least some part of that trouble, and perhaps the most unpleasant part, was an outgrowth of business reaction and depression?

#### AUTOMOBILE PROGRESS.

The meeting of garage-keepers of this city to protest against their having to pay higher prices for gasoline than are charged almost everywhere else, brings out clearly one element of uncertainty in the development of the automobile. How can the cost of maintenance be reduced? The price of tires has dropped more than appreciably within the last year; if Dr. Carl Duisberg, the eminent German chemist, now in New York, is correct, his discovery of synthetic rubber will eventually, though not in the immediate future, solve the question of punctures and give to motor owners tires that will not show wear when a set of the present product would have worn out. But if gasoline is to remain the chief source of power, the question of supply becomes genuinely serious as the automobile displaces both the pleasure carriage and the business wagon. In Germany Prince Henry is leading a crusade against the domination of American gasoline, and begs Germans to use a variety of benzol, which is a native product. On this side, a combination of electric vehicle-makers is reported, which is to spread the knowledge of their product and the advantages in their rather limited field of electrically propelled cars.

It was Mr. Edison who promised years ago an electric touring car which should supersede the gasoline motor in every respect. But hope deferred has made the motorist heart sick when he

looks in the direction of Orange for relief. Encouragement he may, however, find in the news that the first American yacht equipped with a Diesel oil-burning motor was launched last July. That the Diesel engine is a marine and land success has already been demonstrated. Large steamers and great stationary plants use these motors with complete satisfaction, and the day is near when either the British or the German Admiralty will build a battleship equipped with Diesel engines, because of their economy, their saving in space, and the ease of disposing of their fuel in double bottoms. So far as the new American yacht, the *Idealia*, is concerned, *Yachting* vouches for the statement that her fuel will cost just one-tenth as much as that of the ordinary gasoline yacht of the same size. In addition, fuel oil is non-inflammable and non-explosive, thus assuring an element of safety now lacking in gasoline boats, as the unusually large number destroyed this season by fire testifies.

The difficulty with the Diesel motor is, however, that it has not yet been worked out on a small scale, and that the first cost is now far heavier than that of the best gasoline engine. Its designer, and the various factories which produce these engines, have not yet concentrated on the small sizes, or, so far as we know, thought of the automobile. Yet it should seem natural that they should turn to that field as well. Meanwhile, the development of the gasoline car has gone on apace. The manufacturers are not responsible for the rise in price of gasoline; they are for the quality of their cars, and they have risen well to this responsibility. The improvement of the American car is nothing less than marvellous. For endurance, power, and comparative freedom from engine trouble our best automobiles rank with the best European, while our cheap cars are flooding England and the Continent. The old joke that the motor-owner spent half his time under his car and half in it went straight to the point in the early days of motoring; it carries no suggestion of truth to-day. One may motor for days and scarcely see a car stalled because of engine trouble; it is the tires which now cause nine-tenths of the automobilist's vexations.

Whether the six-cylinder motor is to retain its present vogue remains to be



seen, but it is significant that it is now appearing in cheaper cars. While there are still evidences of a desire to produce cars with new features, the general drift is towards the standardization of type, towards producing a car which shall have the lasting qualities of the old-time Brewster carriage and shall not necessitate the purchase of new cars at frequent intervals. One device of 1912, the electric motor which cranks many makes of cars, has done much to popularize the automobile with the public. Thus women who desire to run their own cars have found one of the two chief obstacles removed; the heavy tires remain to plague. That so simple a device as a storage battery charged by the action of the car should have been so long in coming is certainly astonishing. Now that it is here, besides cranking the car it furnishes all the light necessary in a never-failing supply.

Moreover the companies no longer deliver an incomplete car. The purchaser does not now have to spend from \$150 to \$200 in putting on head-lights, a top, a speedometer, a horn, and other necessary equipment; the motor car of 1912 is as ready for instant service as was the high-class carriage. Finally, while the introduction of six-cylinders has sent up the price of certain types of the most expensive cars, there has been a decrease in cost in other directions. It still seems as if there should be developed a more durable car for from \$600 to \$750; but the cars now sold at that figure are by no means to be sneered at, as their success abroad shows.

The *Automobile* has recently printed some remarkable figures and facts, as, for instance, that every tenth family in Nebraska owns an automobile; that there is one car in this country for every 110 people; that the number of motor cars in Maine increased 67 per cent. in six months. Between January first and July first of this year 859,858 cars were registered, the percentage of increase over the year 1911 being 18.8 per cent. No less than 801 new automobile companies have been incorporated in 1912, with a total capitalization of \$136,956,740, while automobile exports in the first five months of 1912 have been \$11,139,125. Between July 1, 1911, and July 1, 1912, no less than 252,569 cars were produced in this country. New York State leads with 92,407 automobiles, and California is second with 78,

603. Commercial vehicles have increased more slowly, as there were but 31,574 on July first last; but this is the branch of automobiling in which there is the greatest possibility for future expansion and development.

#### ENGLISH HISTORY IN ANECDOTE.

LONDON, September 4.

One of the most interesting personalities among living English men of letters is the Rt. Hon. George William Erskine Russell, grandson of the sixth Duke of Rutland. He is of so modest a temperament that he would probably make no claim himself to be ranked among writers of the day; but his best-known book, "Collections and Recollections," will certainly outlive many productions which literary critics count of higher value. Indeed, while it is nowadays read and re-read mainly for the sheer interest of its stories, it will be highly prized by historians of the next generation for the light it casts on ways and manners of the Victorian era. Among the innumerable volumes of social and political gossip that have crowded the booksellers' shelves of late years, it stands out conspicuously for its first-hand authority in matters of fact, its skill in selection and grouping, its genial temper, and its unpretentious and attractive style. It derives a special piquancy from the blend of the author's radicalism of opinion and his intimate personal association with the most aristocratic of old Whig families.

The book owed its origin to an act of friendship. When James Payn, the novelist, was confined to his house by his last illness, Mr. Russell used to visit him once a week, and amuse him by relating curious incidents he had seen and heard of—mainly drawn from the diaries he had been in the habit of writing since he was a schoolboy at Harrow. The invalid found them a rare tonic, and suggested—as a practiced writer who had been for many years a publisher's reader could scarcely help doing—that there were makings of a book in these reminiscences. Mr. Russell at first thought that personal friendship must have biased James Payn's judgment. He decided to see whether a newspaper would print them, and to let their publication in book form be determined by their reception as periodical contributions.

Accordingly, he sent them week by week to the *Manchester Guardian*, with which he already had a connection. Their popularity left no doubt as to the next thing to do. As a volume of "Collections and Recollections" they were an instant success. The newspaper editor wished more papers of the same sort, and Mr. Russell found himself engaged as regular contributor of a column and a half to each Saturday's is-

sue. In due time there appeared a second series of "Collections and Recollections," and this has since been followed by "Seeing and Hearing," "A Pocketful of Sixpences," "Sketches and Snapshots," and other books of the same type. Of course, these articles have by no means been composed entirely of gossip or "good stories." Many of them are really essays discussing, in friendly fashion, problems of social and domestic life—a recent topic, for example, was "Fathers and Sons."

Only recently Mr. Russell happened to recall, in his Saturday article, that just twenty-five years had passed since the *Manchester Guardian* first published something from his pen. Thereupon a reader of that paper made the happy suggestion that, as it was customary to remember the silver weddings of one's friends, the anniversary should be commemorated by raising a testimonial fund in shilling subscriptions, the fund to be devoted by Mr. Russell to some object in which he was interested. There was an immediate and hearty response, and some of the letters that accompanied the gifts testified most enthusiastically not only to the pleasure, but to the helpful stimulus and guidance, of Mr. Russell's articles.

H. W. H.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It is fitting that a quaint book should have a quaint title-page—such is the case with William Lawrence's chief publication. It is engraved in seven compartments. The centre contains the title: "Marriage by the Morall Law of God Vindicated Against All Ceremonial Laws of Popes and Bishops Destructive to Filiation, Aliment, and Succession, and the Government of Families and Kingdomes." Then follows a verse from Mal. ii, 14, and the date 1680. Underneath this are the words, "Linea Recta Praefertur Transversali." At the top "The Morall Law" is symbolized by the two tables of the Decalogue, and the Ceremonial Law by a Church on which rest an owl, a raven, and a bat, surmounted by a rosary, a mitre, and a ring. On the left side are figures of Religion and Liberty; on the right of Justice and Property. On p. 422, at the end of the second book, the author remarks, "By the interruption of the press, I am compell'd to break off this book abruptly." When it was resumed the second part appeared with this title:

The Right of Primogeniture, in succession to the Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland: as declared by the Statutes of 25 E. 3. Cap. 2. De Proditionibus, King of England, and of Kenneth the Third, and Malcolm Mackenneth the Second, Kings of Scotland. As likewise of 10 H. 7. made by a Parliament of Ireland; with all objections answered, and clear probation made, that to compass or imagine the death, exile, or disinheriting of the King's eldest son is High Treason. To which is added an answer to all objections against declaring him a Protestant Successor, with reasons showing the fatal dangers of neglecting the same. . . . London, Printed for the Author, 1681.

This is the third book, and at the end

is an index to the three books. There follows what may be styled an appendix:

The two Great Questions whereon in this present juncture of affairs the Peace and Safety of his Majesty's Person, and of all his Protestant Subjects in his three Kingdoms next under God depend: stated, debated, and humbly submitted to the consideration of supreme authority, as resolved by Christ. . . . London. Printed for the Author, 1681.

After this tract of fourteen pages comes the table of errata. The three parts are not always found together—a fact of which the collector should take note. The question of primogeniture in these closing years of the reign of Charles II was mixed up with the possible pretensions to the throne of the Duke of Monmouth. It was asserted that the King had in reality been married to Lucy Walters, and a large party favored the exclusion of the Duke of York and the succession of Monmouth. But this is not the main thesis of the writer of whom a word or two may now be said.

William Lawrence was the eldest son of William Lawrence of Wraxhall, Dorset, and was born in 1611 or 1612. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1631, as a gentleman commoner, and was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, and attained a good position in his profession. He was appointed in November, 1653, one of the commissioners for the administration of justice in Scotland. He was also a member of the English Parliament. At the Restoration he returned to London and resumed practice at the bar. He died March 18, 1680-1, aged sixty-nine, and was buried in Wraxhall Churchyard. In the church there is this inscription to his memory:

Gulielmi Lawrence, armigeri, Scotiæ judicis infatigabili belli tempore a 1654 ad 1660. Welcome, deare Death! let sweetest sleepe here take mee

In thy coole shade, and never more awake me.  
Like a rich curtayne drawe thy darkness round.  
Like a close chamber make my grave profound.  
In it I'll couch secure, no dreames affright  
A silent lodger! here no cares dare bite.  
Making thy bed seeme hard, or long thy night.  
Let not thy armes, O Grave! yet still infold mee.  
Alas! Thinke not thou canst for ever hold mee.  
Wee'll break at length thy marble wombe asunder,  
Re-issure thence, and fill the world with wonder.  
Ere thou'lt then to see the power divine  
Newe digge his diamond saints from thy deep'st myne;

Cleane, cleare, and polish them: then shall by farre  
Each dust of their's outshine the morning starre.  
Obit 18 Martii, anno Dom. 1680  
ætatis sue 69.

This epitaph probably came from the pen of William Lawrence, who freely mingles verse with his prose even when discussing technical points of law. His "Marriage by the Morall Law Vindicated," according to Anthony à Wood, was "written upon a discontent arising from his wife, a red-hair'd buxom woman, whom he esteem'd dishonest to him." For this suggestion there appears to be no foundation. Lawrence's thesis, which is debated with much curious learning, many digressions and much plain speaking, is that marriage consists of mutual consent and cohabitation, and that no ecclesiastical ceremonies, and no witnesses are necessary to constitute a moral and legal union. The English marriage law has often been held uncertain, and Lawrence's acquaintance with the different customs of Scotland may very likely have impressed him by their superiority to those of his

own native country. In most lands the subsequent marriage of the parents has legitimized children born out of wedlock, but not in England. This has certainly produced many cases of great hardship.

Lawrence's digressions are numerous. In one we have the story of the martyrdom of George "Wichard" (Wishart); with all the articles of his indictment, his prophesy of his adversary's death, and the tragic end of Cardinal Beaton set forth. In another there is a note of a case in which a man sued for payment of a shoulder of mutton eaten in part by a wife, but the judges held that it could not be said to be converted to her use as husband and wife are one person! He mentions a Scottish lady who was married before she had reached her twelfth year (p. 92.) He mentions also a curious incident which he witnessed in that country. The wedding feast was prolonged until the following day when, after dinner, it was customary for the bridegroom to stand with a cresset or basket on his back, "and the company used as they pleased to throw into the same as into a voider, so long till the bride in good nature took it off from him with her own hand, which the sooner she did, the better wife they judged she would be." His probation was so long that he said, "Sweetheart, will you not help me?" but she refused. The fact was there were two sisters so like each other they could not easily be distinguished, and it was the unmarried one who came down first to tease her new brother. At last when they had made sufficient sport about it the true bride was brought downstairs and took off his burden (p. 106.) A good portion of the second book is devoted to a discussion of all the Biblical terms referring to marriage. Many of these he contends are mistranslated in the English version. Indeed, it is difficult to say what there is not in Lawrence's book, for he is as ready to translate Horace (p. 232) as to discuss whether there is any English law by which a man can be compelled to stand in church in a white sheet (p. 235). He knows who excommunicated flies (p. 356), and when the Judges prohibited the Bishop of Chichester from excommunicating a churchwarden (p. 357).

William Lawrence was a fluent rhymist, but it may be the greater kindness not to quote his verses. Nor is his prose concise. His address, "To the Reader," consists of one sentence and contains four hundred words. The reader of these degenerate days can only gasp and pass on.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

## Correspondence

### COLLEGE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two statements about Carola Woerishoffer, in Miss Tarbell's account of her life in the *July American*, when put together, challenge the attention of teachers. She is said to have done "good work" in the college of which she was a graduate. Yet Mrs. Kelly is quoted as having said of her:

She had not learned to write. She had written some notes about this work which she wanted published, and we went over

them again and again. She was afraid they would not be accurate, afraid they might exaggerate, and when she finished they were so literal in their statement of facts that they did not present the picture at all.

From an unexpected angle we come by inference upon one of the old charges against academic training. It is not practical, it is not efficient. Here there was good material to work with. The girl knew her facts, had the power of clear thinking, the gift of sympathy, and willingness to work. Yet what ought to have been the simple task of writing down the truth that was in her that others also might know, was beyond her powers. In "Power to Think Straight" (*Nation*, October 13, 1910), the writer says, "Once a man can think straight, the chances are that what writing he needs to do will nearly take care of itself." Many of us have believed that, but it was not so in this case.

For twelve years I have been struggling in school and college with the inextricably mingled problems of teaching English and English literature. What now impresses me most is the waste of effort on the part both of those who are taught and those who teach. A case like that of Carola Woerishoffer seems to me conspicuously pitiful. But in their humble way those poor unknown students whose failure shows in bad grammar, unidiomatic English, and garbled mis-statements are equally pitiful.

No time of my life is so full of humiliation and self-abasement as the end of a semester, when I read the long papers and the examination books of those whom I myself have taught. I carry some of the answers seared into my brain. *Cucullus non facit monachum*, translated in class (for such elementary work is a measure of precaution even with college seniors) as "The cowl does not make the monk," returns thus: "The cow does not make the mud." It is the result of careless listening and utter indifference. Chaucer's squire has a "platted nose," and his yeoman bears forever under his belt a bundle of twenty-four peacocks. Even the familiar line, "Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages," is transformed into, "Thin, long people go on pilgrimages."

The statements about Miss Woerishoffer indicate one kind of failure on the part of the college. Such absurdities as those quoted above, the like of which are known to every examiner, indicate another. For the two kinds of fault two remedies are needed. One remedy is outside the power of the college, the other rests with it wholly.

As I have watched the work of my students I have become convinced that the primary school is largely to blame for their carelessness and inaccuracy. At the very beginning habits of obedience and accuracy should be inculcated. They are more important than mere information, or any æsthetic qualities that can be developed by the emotional teaching that is so common.

A simple illustration will serve to show what I mean by teaching for accuracy. In the old days we were taught to write the singular possessive case by writing the noun, then the apostrophe, and then the *s*. We were not allowed to join the *s* to the word, and put the apostrophe in afterward. It was therefore impossible to confuse the singular and the plural possessive cases. My pupils, on the other hand, have been allowed to join the *s* to the noun, and go



back to put in the apostrophe. As a result, it falls before, after, or over the *s* as chance directs, so that I have to correct, each year, hundreds of errors in the writing of the possessive case.

I have often thought in this connection of the Japanese student who taught me to write the alphabet of his country. It was not enough that I should produce a letter that looked like his. I must make the strokes in a certain order, and I must begin always at that end of the stroke which was fixed by custom.

"What difference," I asked, with American carelessness, "so long as my work looks right?"

"It does make a difference," answered my Japanese instructor. "There is one way that is best, and in Japan the children all learn that way. It is the foundation of our national greatness."

To the carelessness that is allowed in the pupils of the lower schools I attribute the ignorance of English idiom which is so startling nowadays. Our American children write their own language as if they were foreigners. I get such English as the following from juniors and seniors in college: "His writing underwent a detriment," "his love to his sister," "to fight a conflict," "he cannot help from feeling," "the man's use of diction," "he had no difficulty to make her love him," "they were upon very intimate relations." My students have not been trained to know the exact significance of words, or to notice delicacies of idiom.

I believe that our results were better when we read and re-read our old reading books in school, committed poetry and orations to memory, and devoured the Waverley novels and "Tom Sawyer" out of school hours. If, at the beginning, we could teach less, but teach soundly, our superstructure of education would be better. I doubt if the college would then have to deal with students who would translate *cucullus non facit monachum* as "The cow does not make the mud."

The fault in such cases as that of Carola Woerishoffer is the fault of the colleges, and the remedy rests with them. Instruction in the actual writing of English should be, more than it is, in the hands of those who are themselves practitioners of the art, and who speak from experience, not from theory. A double advantage would result. The teaching would be more practical in itself, and the students would have more faith in it.

The best work of the present day is done in the professional and graduate schools. It is not merely because only the better students go on. I have seen very careless and indifferent undergraduates develop a new spirit in their postgraduate work, and I am sure that it is partly because those who then teach them are practicing what they teach—law, medicine, architecture, scientific research, or whatever it may be.

Harvard has been notably successful in putting in charge of its English work men of some creative power or practical experience. While Professor Wendell's early experiments in novel-writing are probably forgotten, they have undoubtedly helped even more than his later books of scholarship to give value to his teaching. And never was better work done than by Mr. Hammond Lamont, whose teaching was only an interlude to his newspaper career, but an inter-

lude that benefited thousands of students who came under the influence of his unemotional, sensible, practical instruction.

Without question, there are some teachers who can help others, although they have not the power of accomplishment themselves. Often, too, an unsuccessful effort at creative work may have taught all that is necessary. On the whole, however, I am convinced that effective teaching of the technique of English composition will more certainly be got from those who have had some experience in writing for the outside world than from those who have had merely academic experience and success.

In addition to more practical and simple teaching, we need more time in which the student can actually study. This all colleges now recognize, and various reforms are being attempted. Relief from our present evil of an over-crowded college year and an idle summer will help us in our other troubles. Prof. Irving Babbitt, in his essay on "Academic Leisure," has aptly quoted from Ecclesiasticus, "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise."

For the improvement of our college English, then, three needs at least are ours: Sounder elementary education; simpler, more technical, or professional instruction in college English courses, and more free time in college for intellectual development.

CARRIE A. HARPER.

Mount Holyoke College, August 15.

## Literature

### EXPLORATIONS IN SYRIA.

*Publications of the Princeton University Archaeological Expeditions to Syria in 1904-1905 and 1909.* Section A, Southern Syria. Part 2, Southern Hauran. Section B, Northern Syria. Part 4, Djebel Barisha. Princeton: The University.

Both of the regions covered by these latest volumes of the Princeton Expedition are thickly strewn with ruins. In the southern Hauran some seventy sites were visited. Of these about a dozen are now inhabited villages, a considerable number more are used at harvest time or as refuges for shepherds and the like. About twenty show no signs of modern use or habitation. Now both of these regions are almost deserted; once they were thickly inhabited, wealthy, and prosperous.

The period of greatest prosperity of the southern Hauran, included in the biblical Bashan, was that immediately preceding the Mohammedan conquest, from the end of the fourth to the beginning of the seventh century B. C. The ruins, as we see them to-day, are "essentially ruins of Christian towns of the sixth century," but through and under these Christian ruins are still visible remnants of the Roman and Nabatean periods (the earliest Nabatean document discovered is dated about 60

A. C.), and beneath these again some fragments of a still earlier period. The similarity of these earliest remains to the so-called Cyclopean work in Europe suggests to the mind of Dr. Howard Crosby Butler, leader of the expedition, who writes the division of each of these volumes dealing with the architecture, the Bible references to the time when there were "giants in the land." To these giant cities he refers the step pyramids, solid masses of stone, comparable in appearance, and probably in purpose, to the similar pyramids in Egypt and to the Ziggurats of Babylonia, and suggestive to that extent of a certain unity of civilization or religion. But of course excavation will be required before conclusions of any great value can be formed with regard to the older remains.

In the southern Hauran the buildings are the most lithic anywhere known. Even the doors are of stone, and the stone used is in general the very hard basalt, of which the whole country consists, with the exception of the extreme southern boundary, where limestone crops out. The impression produced upon the observer by these massive, clumsy, gloomy constructions is one of depression, and travellers have repeatedly called attention to the singularly ugly character of this Hauranic architecture, with its heavy shapes and dismal, monotonous color. But Dr. Butler's discoveries show that this was not the original appearance of these buildings. From the remnants of stucco which he found in place or on the ground he concludes that the rough walls were "always concealed from view," and that "all buildings of all periods and of all classes were stucco," smooth and rough surfaces alike. The stucco was regularly put on in three coats on the exterior walls, and within sometimes in three, sometimes in two, sometimes in one. Among the colors which he found still distinguishable on fragments of the plaster were grass greens, deep reds, pale blues, browns, and soft yellows. There was also abundant use of stucco mouldings, the ornamental designs in which, like wreaths and garlands, were picked out in still more brilliant colors.

In an appendix on Trajan's Road from Bosra to the Red Sea, Dr. Butler contributes a further piece of information of almost equal interest. The remains of the Roman roads in the East are, as is well known, nothing but blocks of stone, somewhat raised in the centre, sloping to the sides, with a slight combing of stones set on edge to separate them from the surrounding desert. Even where sections of such roads are fairly well preserved, they are absolutely unusable to-day. No caravan can travel on such surfaces; and yet so far as one can judge from the present appearance of these roads, they were not used,

certainly to any large extent, for wagon traffic. Then, as now, the traffic of those regions was by beasts of burden—camels, donkeys, mules, and horses. But Dr. Butler found a section of Trajan's Road, between Bosra and Amman, on which the stone foundation of hard basalt blocks had been covered with ground cinders and these again with beaten earth, making a most beautiful, durable, and elastic surface for caravan traffic; which throws a new light on the whole question of Roman roads in those parts of the East.

Of the seventy places visited and studied by the expedition, Dr. Butler gives plans, drawings, or photographs to the number of about twenty-five, but it must be confessed that, outside of what has been mentioned, there is very little of general interest in this material.

The other volume, dealing with Djebel (why not Jebel?) Bārīsha, is much smaller, and, particularly in the inscriptional part, of even less interest. It is curious to note that the architecture of this region, which lies about thirty miles east of Antioch, is quite different from that of the adjacent Jebel-Rihā, described in a former publication of this series. The northern region is, relatively speaking, Oriental in its character, the southern classical and Grecian. For physical reasons the former had a closer connection with the countries lying east, which evidently affected its entire development. Jebel-Rihā, on the other hand, was in close touch with Antioch. It is rarely that one can find so striking a difference in so brief a space.

It is perhaps interesting to note that the inscriptions from this region (treated by Wm. Kelly Prentice), covering more than three centuries, show, in their phraseology, a primitive Christianity in that they are dedicated to "God and His Christ," sometimes with mention of the Holy Spirit or the Trinity, but without invocation of the saints or even of the Virgin Mary. In this region, as in the Hauran, there are almost no Mohammedan remains, the prosperity of both regions having evidently ended with the Mohammedan conquest.

These volumes show the same conscientious care and scrupulous attention to detail as the former volumes of the series. Considering that they represent entirely surface exploration, the results of the work of the expedition here presented are very remarkable.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*The Arm-Chair at the Inn.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"If," says Mr. Smith in his preface, "I have dared to veil under a thin disguise some of the men whose talk and adventures fill these pages it is because

of my profound belief that truth is infinitely more strange and infinitely more interesting than fiction. The characters around the table are all my personal friends; the incidents, each and every one, absolutely true." A taking and characteristic advertisement. Mr. Smith has won a large audience by seeming to confide in it. His offer of a personal letter of introduction to the landlord of his delectable inn, if it were to be taken up by many of his readers, would, we fancy, prove embarrassing to at least one of the parties concerned. That audience will duly admire him for his boldness in this instance, not pausing to reflect that the really daring act would have been the presentation of his persons and scene *without* that thin disguise which makes them mildly palatable as fiction. As a chronicler of fact (which he appears to identify with truth) this clever raconteur has had, so far as we are aware, small experience. Like Dr. Henry van Dyke, he depends for his effect upon his skill in investing the materials of personal experience with the glamour of romance. The closer such a writer sticks to his actual persons and scenes, the more artificial his work is likely to be—as fiction. Imagination has little or no play: ornament does the trick. Fact is sacrificed, and truth—the truth which inheres in fiction of a high order—has small chance of emerging. These pages are as carefully and as self-consciously "composed" as one of Mr. Smith's Venetian water-colors.

*Miss 318 and Mr. 37.* By Rupert Hughes. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Whether as a figure of pathos or of humor, the "saleslady" has for some time been a favorite heroine with the short-story writers. Miss Lizzie Mooney, who dreams of herself as Madam'selle Lisette Monet, and is numbered 318 on the staff of the Mammoth Department Store, New York, is of the humorous class. Her view of life, and the strange lingo through which she utters it, are even more amusing than pathetic. But Mr. Hughes has not brought us into her company a second time for her own sake. He has made her the central figure in a highly-colored tract. His theme is the inhuman risk taken by big "selling" concerns like the Mammoth, within the letter of inadequate fire-laws. From the opening pages the red spectre of fire is seen hovering above Miss 318 and her four thousand fellow-employees. She herself is dimly aware of it, and the young fireman, who is Mr. 37, warns her in good set terms. The Mammoth is a perfect fire-trap, the dread of the Force. Why isn't something done, asks Miss 318. Because the Mammoth, "nothin' but a holler shell, chock-full of human bein's and a million dollars worth of the easiest burnin' stuff in God's world," is within the scanty regu-

lations; because the newspapers cannot afford to lose its advertising; because it is not the American way to provide safeguards. "Ye're young and rich," growls Mr. 37, "and we got money to burn—and we like the smell of smoke." So the expected thing happens—the downfall of the Mammoth. What might not have been quite expected is the utterly preposterous series of incidents connecting Miss 318 and her fireman with it.

*My Lady's Garter.* By Jacques Futrelle. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

That the author of this story went down with the Titanic is a fact not lost sight of by its publisher. He seems to have been a brave man and a skilful maker of magazine fiction. But when the "Literary Note" obligingly pasted on the fly-leaf of this work speaks of it as "final evidence of an author's consummate art," and alleges that "his coronet of fame will be brightened by another jewel in the publication of this masterpiece," we feel that complaisance is being carried rather too far. The "Note" in question will be printed as a review in hundreds of rural newspapers—and some others. Its obvious inanity will add its mite towards stultifying the work of the real reviewer, in such relatively few and strangely lavish periodicals as employ him.

The idea of weaving a mystery story about a theft from the British Museum of the original garter which became the emblem of the Order of the Garter is good. The plot evolved is ingenious, and the style of its telling jaunty and according to the magazine mode of the hour. But the thing as a whole is a flimsy trifle.

*Halcyone.* By Elinor Glyn. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Halcyone was a little English girl who lived with two maiden aunts on the ancestral acres. She had governesses, and she read Kingsley's "Heroes," and she discovered a secret staircase and a wonderful Greek sculptured head. When she was twelve years old there came to live in a cottage at her gates an old Oxford professor, who instructed her deeply and was her guide and friend through her life. An Oxford graduate, his former pupil, comes to see him and has a glimpse of the young student. The young man is an ambitious politician, for whom women are "not even to be considered a factor in the scheme of things." He thinks, however, that it will further his aims to marry a rich American divorcee who has rented an estate near Halcyone's—and the inevitable begins. The destinies fight for control of this gentleman, though it is never made clear why they or any one should want him. Perches a bad Pittsburgh angel over one shoulder and a



good Greek angel, Halcyone, over the other. Halcyone is even more than Greek. She is a worshipper of Nature in every form except thunder, an undoubting theist, and a believer in the efficacy of thought currents. It would be a hardened case of error indeed that could withstand the pressure of these forces for good. The story is not without its pretty moments of sylvan presences and Greek lore, and the teachings of the night winds; of a white bearded sage inspiring his pupil, and of the pupil's constant faith in things unseen. But the impression left is of a note forced; of mythology just a little too ready to the hand and of the incongruity of New Thought as her hand-maiden.

#### THE LYRIC.

*English Lyrical Poetry: From its Origins to the Present Time.* By Edward Bliss Reed. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.25 net.

Professor Reed would have done better not to attempt, as a preliminary to his study, a sharp definition of the lyric. The term has grown vague, yet the old, easy-going categories, which accepted for lyric the greater number of short poems, will continue to be more serviceable than those which he prescribes. "All songs," he says, "all poems following classic lyric forms; all short poems expressing the writer's moods and feelings in rhythm that suggests music, are to be considered lyrics." It is clear that Mr. Reed desires to revive the Greek standard, and the spirit which fostered a perfect understanding between verse and music. But can this be done? The author includes in his definition the various sonnets, because some of them have been set to music. The test is not convincing. What of Shakespeare's sonnet beginning

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought?

Does its rhythm suggest music to a greater degree than many a passage not usually classed as lyric in the plays?

This brings up a very interesting point which Mr. Reed leaves untouched—the striking similarity of such short passages in Shakespeare to his sonnets. The kinship between them can be shown to be so close that if the sonnets are to be called lyrics, then the other lines should be, too. Macbeth's words spoken after he has been told of his wife's death may serve as illustration:

She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle;

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more; it is—a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

These lines deal with a "special instant"—Shakespeare's own definition of what a sonnet should embrace—and light up its various facets in a way that is almost indistinguishable from the manner of the sonnets. The plays furnish dozens of other like instances. "To be or not to be," etc. "We have scotched the snake, not killed it," etc. "Put out the light, and then put out the light," etc., prove upon analysis to have the characteristics of short poems expressing emotion. The fact that they are within a larger structure of drama and so get an intensity which standing by themselves they would not have, does not entirely remove them from discussion. The same might be said, though to a less degree, of the songs in the plays, particularly in "The Tempest."

While not wishing to commit ourselves to any one definition, we have tried to indicate that lyric poetry is not to be classified to-day by the musical test, and that the test of length, though sound, involves wider considerations than our author intimates. It is very possible that the lyric, from first being something pretty definite, has broadened, to all intents and purposes, into merely a quality of poetry. At the present day, for one to insist upon a Greek point of view is bound to seem futile.

Mr. Reed's method, when once he gets fairly started, is partly historical and partly æsthetic, and naturally is chronological. But nowhere is it very effective or consistent. For one thing, he is evidently embarrassed by the amount of his material, even after the restrictions which his definition has imposed. As he thinks it necessary to mention every one who contributed to the type, his study soon becomes a pageant of names with scraps of illustration and comment, and a few of the underlying tendencies roughly sketched. His book is sadly in need of a few striking generalizations. It would have been wiser, we think, to devote most of the volume to the leading lyricists, and also for certain periods to select a few of the more usual poetic themes and to study their treatment at various hands. This could have been done to advantage with the lyrics of Elizabeth's day, with which Mr. Reed finds himself hopelessly swamped. He deals half heartedly with the Petrarchan impulse, neglecting several of its important phases, and because he has not carefully calculated the illustrations, makes a poor comparison of Shakespeare as a sonneteer with Sidney and Spenser. The more's the pity, since a number of special investigations of their work had prepared the way for some keen general statements.

Milton, as great a lyricist as our language ever saw, is referred to countless, yet receives but a few pages of concentrated attention. We are told what Sir Henry Wotton said of "Comus"; the well-known blemish in the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" is pointed out, and we turn to Dr. Johnson's condemnation of "Lycidas," and shortly arrive at the conclusion of the whole matter:

The art of the poem is as great as the inspiration; we are carried on and on by the sweep of the verse until the elegy reads as though it had been struck off in the white heat of the poet's emotion, yet Milton's manuscript shows how patiently he revised word and phrase. Familiarity with "Lycidas" but deepens admiration; its music haunts the ear, its phrases the memory. It is the most truly inspired lyric that England had yet produced.

Exit Milton. Not a word about the breadth of his indebtedness, even in the lyric, and of his amazing power of assimilation. The author neglects also the nice question of Milton's kinship with Shakespeare on the lyric side; nor does he sufficiently work out the genesis and later influence of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

"The genius of Wordsworth," it is stated, "was not lyrical." This is startling until it is seen that here the writer is strictly enforcing the musical test. The sentence continues, "he has not left us a single song, for though lyrical feeling surges through his verse, the gift of Burns was denied him." Then why, it may be asked, did the author call "Lycidas" an excellent lyric? Is it because its irregular verse structure was taken to be an imitation of the Greek lyric—which is one of Mr. Reed's tests? Arbitrary division likewise excludes "The Blessed Damozel" from consideration, and though "The House of Life" is taken into account, we learn nothing about Rossetti's technique, more especially his peculiarly Continental symbolism.

It is needless to cite other instances. Our quarrel is with the author's method, which seems to us fundamentally untrue.

*Waterways Versus Railways.* By Harold G. Moulton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

This well-written book must be reckoned with by the champions of waterways, for it is a straightforward discussion of the entire problem, and lets in light upon the many weaknesses in their arguments. Much stress has been laid recently upon the success of waterways in Europe, and upon our neglect to take similar advantage of our opportunities. The author, by personal investigation, finds a decline in the amount of traffic carried on inland water routes in Europe proceeding side by side with the

development of railways. This declining movement has continued unchecked in England to the present time. It has been stayed on the Continent only by active Government intervention. The states of Europe have been obliged to assume virtually all the fixed charges connected with water transportation, and to turn the water routes over free of toll to the water carriers. Not infrequently the Governments have been compelled to fix railway rates from 20 to 50 per cent. higher than the bare charge for boat carriage in order that the waterways might not be idle.

Passing to the United States, the author follows the same painstaking methods in the examination of the projects that have been most vigorously advocated here. It is estimated that the visionary lakes-to-gulf ship canal would probably cost a billion dollars, that a traffic nearly double that of ports like Philadelphia, Boston, and New Orleans would be necessary to effect savings over rail transportation sufficient to meet merely the annual outlays, and that it is almost certain that no considerable number of ocean vessels could be induced to use such a waterway even if free of tolls. "Fourteen feet through the Valley" would be of no service to lake or ocean vessels, and would be deeper than is necessary for barges. "Eight feet from lakes to gulf" is possible from the engineering standpoint, but traffic contiguous to the waterway is not sufficient to warrant construction, and trans-shipment costs from rail to water would be prohibitive.

Although traffic conditions are more favorable on the Ohio River, the author's exhaustive examination of cost of improvement and maintenance of the channel results in the conclusion that from the standpoint of the nation the expenditure is not economically justifiable. For the Erie Canal the gist of his position is contained in the following quotation (p. 438):

By the way of summary, it should be restated that this project was authorized through the influence of sectional interests hoping to benefit at the expense of the state as a whole; that no adequate investigation of the possibilities of increased traffic was ever made; that it was decided upon before the vital question of terminals was apparently conceived of; and that absolutely no computation was made of the inclusive cost of transport on the enlarged canal, as compared with the cost by rail.

In short, the fundamental thesis of the book is that the cost of water transportation has not been accurately determined until all the factors entering into *total cost* have been taken into account—the costs, that is, of construction and maintenance, met, commonly by taxation, as well as the mere charges for carriage. Such cost is just as truly a burden on the people when disbursed through Government channels as when included in the rate charged. The

author places the canal alongside the hand-loom and the spinning jenny of an earlier generation, and insists that to return to this antiquated form of transportation is to turn backward the clock of time.

## Notes

Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces the following publications for next month: "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," by George A. Birmingham; "The Sea Shore," by F. Martin Duncan; "The English Fairy Book," by Ernest Rhys; "The Magic Book," by G. A. and C. A. Williams, and "A Chronicle of Friendship," by Luther Munday.

The publications of Putnams this week include "Shenandoah," by Henry Tyrrell, based upon the play by Bronson Howard; "With the Merry Austrians," by Amy McLaren; "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," by Dmitri Merejkowski, translated from the Russian by Herbert French; "The Fascination of Books," by Joseph Shaylor, and "Washington and Lincoln," by R. W. McLaughlin.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish this week a novel by Edward Mott Woolley, entitled "The Junior Partner," and "Woman Adrift: The Menace of Suffragism," by Harold Owen. The latter is announced as "the most complete, temperate, and reasoned criticism of suffragism and allied movements which has yet appeared."

Scribners will publish in their South American series the translation of F. Garcia Calderon's "Les Démocraties latines de l'Amérique," to which the French Premier, M. Poincaré has contributed an introduction. The translation is to be made by Bernard Miall.

The autumn list of Houghton Mifflin Co. includes the following titles in literature: "In the Hands of a Receiver," by Samuel M. Crothers; "The Provincial American," by Meredith Nicholson; "The American Mind," by Bliss Perry; "Time and Change," by John Burroughs; "Americans and Others," by Agnes Repplier; "Masters of Modern French Criticism," by Irving Babbitt; "Emerson's Journals"; "Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakespeare," by George H. Palmer; "Charles Eliot Norton," by E. W. Emerson and W. F. Harris; "A Doctor's Table Talk," by James G. Mumford, and "The New Light on the Old Truth," by Charles A. Dinmore.—In history: "Italy in the 13th Century," by Henry D. Sedgwick; "The Holy Christian Church," by R. M. Johnston; "Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages," by Sidney Heath; "Belgium," by William Elliot Griffis; "A History of the Presidency from 1897 to 1909," by Edward Stanwood; "Merchant Ventures of Old Salem," by Robert E. Peabody, and "History of Plymouth Plantation," by William Bradford.—In biography: "The Three Brontës," by May Sinclair; "The Autobiography of an Individualist," by James O. Fagan; "When I was Young," by Yoshio Markino; "Lafcadio Hearn," by Edward Thomas; "J. M. Synge," by Francis Bickley, and "Life and Letters of John Rickman," by Orlo Williams.—In travel: "Egyptian Days," by Philip S. Marden; "Around the Clock in Europe," by Charles F. Howell; "The Path of the

Conquistadores," by Lindon Bates, jr.; "Through the Heart of Africa," by Frank H. Melland and Edward H. Cholmeley; "Gallant Little Wales," by Jeannette Marks; "The Gateway of Scotland," by A. G. Bradley, and "The Loss of the SS. Titanic," by Lawrence Beesley.

There are several volumes of verse on the autumn list of Houghton Mifflin Company. Not the least welcome of these will be "The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody," in two volumes.

John Murray will publish in October the fourth volume of Gomperz's "Greek Thinkers," the proof of which had been entirely read by the author before his death.

"Ants and Their Resemblance to Man" is the subject of an interesting article by Prof. William M. Wheeler, of Harvard University, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for August. He shows the various methods by which, as social insects, ants have solved the problems of nutrition, reproduction, and protection. Rear-Admiral John E. Pillsbury gives some valuable information in regard to that "grandest and most mighty terrestrial phenomenon," the Gulf Stream, largely taken from his own observations while in command of the Coast Survey steamer Blake. According to calculations the average volume of water passing in one hour through the Straits of Florida is 90 billion tons, and if it could be evaporated "the remaining salts would require many times more than all the ships in the world to carry it." Attention is also called to the fact that its influence on the colonization of America was great. A description of elephant hunting in Equatorial Africa is given by Mr. C. E. Akeley, of the American Museum of Natural History, and there are also accounts of Zanzibar and the recent volcanic eruptions in Alaska.

News has come from Cairo that a number of large rolls of historical papyri have been discovered by Mr. Robert de Rustafjaell. The manuscripts were unearthed by a fellow while sinking the foundations of his mud hut, near a temple of the Ptolemies in Upper Egypt, and belong to the best Græco-Egyptian period. They are about twelve inches wide, all closely rolled, some of the rolls reaching to four inches in diameter. They are in a good state of preservation so far as the writing is concerned, but much discolored, and, owing to their dry and fragile condition, have to be handled with the utmost delicacy. It is believed that the contents will prove to be of great archaeological value.

An anthology of "The White Hills in Poetry" has been collected and edited by Eugene R. Musgrove, and Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, himself of "the cult of Chocorua," has contributed a brief and happy introduction. It is not all great poetry, or even good poetry, and some of the poets are men and women of straw; but those who pass their summers in the White Mountains, and those who are fortunate enough to have spent their youth there, will care more for the general atmosphere of the book than for the editor's standard of taste. The volume is well illustrated, and comes from Houghton Mifflin Co.

Richard H. Thornton's "American Glossary," which, in our review of July 4 was accredited to the London publisher, has



since been brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia.

Beneath the alien name of Yof Pawlowska a sentimentalist offers sketches of travel in "A Year of Strangers" (Duffield). Among the strangers who brought solace to a weary spirit yearning for fellowship are grave children, young women with saddened hearts, a lonely Irishman in far-off Tihiran, and a dog by whom the sojourner sat upon the floor, put his head upon the dumb friend's coat, and cried. There are many glimpses of scenery, occasionally lighted up by a pale gleam of imagination. The style, of extreme simplicity, evermore takes on a melancholy cadence. Characteristic is the following reminiscence of Persia:

I stood by a steep cliff above a wide river. . . . The wind shrieked and blew a dust-storm which seemed impenetrable; the frogs croaked all the time: their song, like the wind's song, is the same in all countries, their music was born in the land of despair, and they sing their song to those who have traversed that land.

V. Leuliette's "French Prose Writers of the XIXth Century and After" (London: Isaac Pitman & Sons) is one of the best prose anthologies for the use of somewhat advanced students of French which have appeared in recent years. Mme. de Staël, Chateaubriand, Courier, Lamennais, Stendhal, Thierry, Vinet, de Tocqueville, Quinet, Taine, Rambaud, Hanotaux, and Guyau are among the twenty-five authors represented. Short biographical and critical notices, in French, of the writers are prefixed to the extracts; and the literary and bibliographical notes, in English, are valuable and interesting.

H. W. Boynton contributes the volume on "The World's Leading Poets" to the new series of biographies called *The World's Leaders* (Holt), issued under the general editorship of W. P. Trent. The book contains about what one should expect under the conditions imposed, and little more. It contains chapters on the first six poets in the world—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe—a list which might be acceptable to every one, barring, perhaps, the countrymen of Molière. But unfortunately the plan of the series demands that the treatment shall be biographical rather than critical or philosophical; it proposes to present the world's great men in their habit as they lived. Obviously, this puts the poets who flourished before Boswell at a disadvantage as compared with the men of action, and it almost as obviously precludes the author from saying anything new or interesting even though he is engaged with objects of perpetual novelty and interest.

It is awkward, moreover, for a biographer with a modern conscience to construct a plausible life-history of a poet who possibly never existed. Though Mr. Boynton throws Wolf overboard and preserves Homer, he can spin out for the father of all poets only eight pages of "biography." (It is a slip, by the way, to say that Wolf denied Homer's existence "with Gamp-like directness"; the direct, incredulous lady was not Sairey but her friend Betsey Prig.) Virgil he links rather skillfully with the men and events of the Augustan age, yet he leaves the man himself only a slightly less shadowy figure than the author of the

"Iliad." About all that he can do for Dante is to set him somewhat obscurely among the bickering factions of Florence. His Shakespeare the man, like every other biographer's Shakespeare, is a thing of legal shreds and patches, except for a glimpse of him here and there through the works; and Mr. Boynton has in general avoided divination. The fact is that only Milton and Goethe left behind them the materials for anything like an adequate or important biographical record, and even in these cases the biographical facts look pretty small beside the exploits of Cæsar and Napoleon unless they are brought into close relationship with the poetry. Seventy-two pages here are apportioned to the life of Milton, but "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" are disposed of in a single sentence. Each chapter curiously fails to rise to the height of its great argument; Hamlet has been left out. If at the conclusion of the book, one feels that Mr. Boynton has performed an appointed rather than an elected task, one's dissatisfaction is to be charged rather to the limitations of the series than to the shortcomings of the author.

Stoddard Dewey's "Four French Adventurers" (Edinburgh: Thomas Nelson & Sons) gives us true stories of swift lives, of timely interest to-day, when the exploits of Paris bandits fill the columns of newspapers on two continents. But these impostors and convicts achieved notoriety in a less spectacular way than their recent emulators. Pierre Coignard, for example, returning to Paris as lieutenant-colonel in the Peninsular army of France and relapsing into his first profession of burglary, was captured after the briefest struggle by the famous ex-convict detective Vidocq and sent to the penitentiary for life. The ingenious Monsieur Collet, too, gathered thousands of francs from churchmen, bankers, and generals by the simple expedient of a succession of disguises, such as could be done with credit by any lightning-change artist now on the vaudeville stage. More mysterious are the touching, instructive, and grotesque adventures of Charles of Navarre, who claimed to be the "lost dauphin," and as Mathurin Bruneau was therefor sentenced to a seven-year imprisonment during which he disappeared in a manner as baffling as his own childhood. Later still, after the Revolution of 1830, there is offered in the fortunes of Louis and Anna de Marsilly a whole thrilling historical romance.

The lives of these convicts, once so celebrated, now so thoroughly forgotten, are for the first time in English recounted with a scrupulous fidelity to historical record. Even the speeches put into the mouths of the characters are taken from contemporary sources, chiefly the proceedings of sensational trials known as the *causes célèbres*. The four chapters make a very interesting excursion into the byways of history. The true place of Charles of Navarre has not been known heretofore, since the documents in the case were brought to light only last year. An understanding of Napoleon's problem in Spain is deepened on reading of the steps by which a convicted burglar became a high officer in the French army. An illuminating picture of the state and difficulty of colonial life and administration

under Louis Philippe is presented in the adventures of Louis de Marsilly in Algiers. The topsy-turvy condition of France in 1812 is vividly shown in the exploit of Collet, who collected, as a pretended Inspector-General Borromeo, some four hundred thousand francs from the military funds. But, aside from all historical considerations, these four adventures engage attention by the human interest of their careers as told in Mr. Dewey's simple, direct, and unembroidered narrative.

Forty years ago, when Mr. Edmund Gosse was young, poetical, and impressionable, he made a visit to Denmark—then smarting from the second war with Germany—to learn the language and explore the comparatively unsunned culture of the country. Two years later, in 1874, he returned to renew and extend his acquaintance with the art and letters of the ancient little nation. From the house of Dr. Bruna Juul Fog, later primate of the Danish Church, he sallied out upon all the lions of Denmark—theologians, booksellers, painters, librarians, philologists, poets, and critics. The record of these adventures, long preserved in his private journals, Mr. Gosse now gives to the world in a volume of 372 pages, entitled "Two Visits to Denmark" (Dutton). In his preface, which sounds decidedly like an afterthought, he tells us that the timeliness of this belated publication is due to the present neglect in the Empire of the "function and value of the small nations in the civilization of the world." The reader will be impressed with the fact that most of the celebrities here portrayed are as little known to the general public to-day as they were half a century ago. Who has read Paludan-Müller, "the greatest living poet of Denmark," or Andreas Munch, till Björnson and Ibsen appeared, "undoubtedly the favorite poet of Norway"?—or Ludvig Böttcher, "the veteran of the living Danish poets"? Who can persuade any but Scandinavian enthusiasts that it is necessary to read them? The modern Danish literature to which Mr. Gosse and others have long been inviting attention is just enough off the track to be a little difficult of approach, but not sufficiently distinct from the main European movement greatly to pique curiosity. The three really conspicuous figures in this book are Hans Christian Andersen, who wrote in the universal dialect of children; Thorwaldsen, in whom, as Mr. Gosse says, "there is not a trace of the North"; and Georg Brandes, the brilliant cosmopolitan Jew. Students with special Danish interests will doubtless find much to enjoy in Mr. Gosse's personal sketches of literary society in Denmark in its own provincial "Victorian" period, but the general reader will probably find the narrative rather heavy and irrelevant to his business, up to the point where Georg Brandes appears and attempts to lead the "small nation" into the world movement.

In spite of its apparent frivolity, there is other than sentimental justification for the title of Frank Hamel's book about Agnes Sorel, "The Lady of Beauty" (Brentano's). "La Dame de Beauté"—such is the way in which the famous mistress of Charles VII is referred to in more than one contemporary account, the amorous King having bestowed upon her the domain of Beauté, or Beaulté. Agnes Sorel was the first

royal mistress of France to be maintained openly in a separate establishment on a scale equalling, if not surpassing, that of the Queen and the other ladies of the royal household. This fact is the more extraordinary in that Charles's reign was notable for its impoverishment, owing to the English wars. This brings up the whole question of the date of Agnes Sorel's connection with the King, and, consequently, of the measure of her influence over him and upon the affairs of his reign. All is vague here, and even the date of her birth, which has been variously set as 1409, 1405, and 1422, is unknown. The earlier historians, following the legend, have assumed a long secret *liaison* before her open acknowledgment about 1444, during which she took up the work of Joan of Arc, and inspired Charles with the whole work of national revival. The chief objection to this assumption is that it would make Agnes forty years old at the time of her death, whereas she is spoken of by all the chroniclers as having been in the flower of her youth at that time. Later authorities, accepting, or, rather, inventing, the latest date to meet this difficulty—which does not seem insuperable in view of the tone of flattery which then obtained—have had to break with this gracious legend; and in making Agnes forfeit the fine rôle which it bestowed upon her, they have limited her influence, for the most part, to minor affairs of the realm and of the royal household—especially in connection with the quarrels between Charles and the Dauphin, Louis. There remains, however, tolerably certain the part she played in encouraging the King to carry out his campaign of reconquest in Normandy. Mr. Hamel states this problem, but does not attempt to resolve it; nor does he forego any of the advantages that accrue to the literary biographer from a free use of legendary material, and even of the acknowledged imaginative inventions of quite recent writers. He carefully gathers together all references to Agnes wherever he finds them, and is principally concerned with reconstituting the charming personality of the most sympathetic, because most disinterested, of French royal mistresses, save Louise de la Vallière, with whom he compares her constantly.

T. T. Geer's "Fifty Years in Oregon" (Neale Pub. Co.) is the autobiography of a native Oregonian, whose life, from 1851 to 1911, has been coeval with the development of a great community. Mr. Geer, the son of an Ohio pioneer, endured hard things in childhood, but fighting his way under the frontier conditions, showed tact and strength in places private and public, and attained at last to the position of Governor. Though the appeal of the book is for the most part local, it is by no means without general interest. It is breezy and informal in manner, abounding in good stories and vivid pictures of men and events. Though dealing mainly with worthies of the Pacific slope, glimpses are given of notabilities of wider significance, as, for instance, of the Presidents Hayes, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley. It is the record of a strenuous American life, the hand now grasping the plough-handle, now the speaker's gavel in a stormy Legislature, now the pen of the Chief Magistrate giving validity to laws, the hand returning ever and again to the

plough-handle. It is a record of turmoil. Carlyle says in his "Frederick the Great," of the strivers who made a way for Prussia, they did not wear "especially speckless Sunday pumps," as they trampled their path. No more did the pioneers of Oregon. Indeed the company was very rough shod. Delicate things went to wreck before an advance that was often ruthless, even unscrupulous. But in the main the advance was wholesome and virile, and the outcome is noble, a State four-square in Anglo-Saxon massiveness, awaking to knowledge of its defects and disposed to make them good.

Guy de Maupassant shares with Napoleon the distinction of having his daily life recorded in intimate detail by his valet, and to his man, François, author of "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant" (John Lane), the French writer is a veritable hero. Entering his service in 1883, François served his master ten years, or until within a few months of the sad end of Maupassant's life in the private asylum of Dr. Blanche at Passy. They were years of wandering, mostly, for Maupassant could never remain long in one place; and the scene shifts rapidly from Paris to Etretat, to Cannes, to Marseilles, to Aix-les-Bains, and back again to the capital, where the writer had a new apartment nearly every year. The reader wonders how work was possible under such conditions. Yet articles, tales, and even novels continued to flow from Maupassant's pen all this time, and his valet's testimony is valuable concerning his habits and methods of composition. Maupassant was one of those writers who think everything out in advance and who have all the elements of their stories in order when they begin to write. His advice to young authors, by whom François tells us he was besieged, was based upon his own experience in this respect. At the same time his magnificent memory enabled him to forego one very useful practice for young authors, namely, the making of notes. François tells how his master would study a landscape in minute detail, drink it all in, then, turning away, would remark, tapping his forehead: "Now it is all imprinted there!" Afterwards he would reproduce what he had seen, with absolute fidelity. Evidently he appreciated the similar powers of his valet, for he would often employ him for the gathering of material and impressions, sending him to the gambling-halls of the resorts he frequented, and encouraging him to form an intimacy with the servants of some Russian princess whom he was studying with a view to introducing her into a future work of fiction.

Maupassant also talked with much freedom and frankness with this faithful and intelligent servitor about his family affairs, his friendships, his literary plans and projects, and his admiration for Flaubert. He finds that François, whom he discovered reading "Salammbô" in the kitchen, had once waited at table on its author, and greatly preferred "Madame Bovary," lent him by the butler, to the novels of Zola's Rougon-Macquart series. Encouraged to explain his dislike for these works, François said:

M. Zola exaggerates terribly when talking about servants; he puts all sorts of horrors in the mouths of the maids; in "Pot-Bouille," he makes them scream the nastiest expressions out of the courtyard

windows. I repeat, sir, all this is exaggerated. Twenty-five years have I been a servant, and I have never heard speeches bordering in any way on those M. Zola puts into the mouths of his characters. Then that fellow Trublot, I dare say, such people exist, but they are exceedingly rare. I don't say maids and cooks have not their feelings, like other women. . . . No, but to state they are all of them ready to hide Trublots in their kitchens while awaiting the instant when they can have them up to their garrets—no, sir, no!

Maupassant explained to François that it was to make money Zola wrote as he did, and compared him unfavorably with Flaubert in this respect. Later, while living near Zola's residence at Médan, he invited that writer, with his friend, Pessard, to lunch with him. The luncheon was not a success. There was little merriment and little talk on literary topics. After the departure of his guests, Maupassant remarked to François: "I consider that Zola . . . is a great writer. His literary value is very considerable!" Then he added, "with bitterness and repulsion": "As to himself, personally, . . . I don't like him at all!"

The history of the Königliche und Universitäts-Bibliothek in Breslau, written in 1911 by its librarian, Dr. Fritz Milkau, when the university of that town celebrated its first centenary, has now been published separately in a handsome volume (Breslau: F. Hirt). The first part of the book contains the history of the various libraries that were brought together to form the library of the new university. Among these is the Silesian central library, which had been assembled from the monastery libraries of the province, much in the manner of what was then being done in Bavaria, where all the libraries of the various religious orders were brought to Munich to form the magnificent Hof- und Staats-Bibliothek. How the work in Breslau failed, in spite of the youthful enthusiasm of the originator of the idea, J. G. G. Büsching, is vividly related. Then follows the account of the development of the library under the administrations of successive professor-librarians, who directed the library "im Nebenamt." It is a pitiful story of incompetency, mismanagement, and shifting of responsibility. This was the condition then in all the German university libraries. A new epoch began for Breslau in 1872, with the appointment of Karl Dziatzko as librarian. "For the first time in the existence of the institution," says Milkau, "a man was at its head who had nothing else on his heart but its welfare." Dziatzko took office on the 1st of October; on the 7th of November he sent to the Ministry in Berlin a complete plan for alteration of the old library building, and on the 14th the plan for the recataloguing of the library. From this beginning dates the movement which has now culminated in the Prussian cataloguing rules and the printing of cards for the Royal Library in Berlin.

Prof. Eugen Kühnemann of the University of Breslau, the first Carl Schurz Memorial Professor at the University of Wisconsin for the winter semester of 1912-13, will begin his lectures at the University of Wisconsin on September 27. In addition to two regular courses, one on Goethe's "Faust" and one on Modern German Drama, he will conduct exercises in literary criticism for



advanced students in connection with the dramas of Schiller.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, a distinguished Jesuit, has died in Dublin, at the age of seventy-eight. He was born in 1834. He was a writer on religious subjects, and had edited from its beginning in 1873 the *Irish Monthly*, a Dublin magazine.

The Rev. Henry Arthur Morgan, D.D., Master of Jesus College, Oxford, and author of several books of travel and mathematics, is dead at the age of eighty-two.

## Science

*Interior Ballistics.* By James M. Ingalls, Colonel U. S. Army, Retired. Third edition. Pp. ix, 221. New York: John Wiley & Sons. \$3 net.

This book is the outgrowth of the author's experience as head for many years of the department of ballistics at the Artillery School. The first edition we may here ignore; the second was printed, though not published, as it was limited to the small classes of officers of the school. The third, in the volume before us, is sent forth to the public. The phenomena of the subject of interior ballistics are obscure and complicated; the circumstances under which they occur preclude direct and primary observation, and as yet baffle continuity of observation. Perhaps only two elements admit of direct measurement. Under such conditions, it is not too much to say that interior ballistics is hardly yet a science. There is no body of rational doctrine, eternally true, making inevitable the accurate prediction of results.

After a brief historical introduction, Col. Ingalls gives us a chapter on the properties of perfect gases, his point of view being mechanical rather than chemical, and sums up Noble and Abel's now classic researches on explosives (i. e., black powder). The chapter on Combustion under Constant Pressure treats chiefly the form of the grain, and being thus geometric in its essence, is generally applicable. The remaining chapters, three in number, deal, the first with the combustion of a charge of powder in a gun, which involves, of course, the great question that interior ballistics is called upon to answer; the second with applications; and the third with the rifling of cannon.

Too much must not be expected from Col. Ingalls's book, for the fact is to be noted that he is limited by preferences. Setting out from the domain surveyed by Noble and Abel, he takes Sarrau for his first sign-post, and then proceeds, perhaps unconsciously, under the guidance of Stacel. We are almost of the belief that his course is thus laid because of its convenience. To illustrate: the law of the velocity of combustion in a gun is unknown, but as it must be

reckoned with, various approximations have been made.

Sebert and Hugoniot [says Colonel Ingalls], from observations of the recoil of a ten-cm. gun, mounted on a free-recoil carriage, deduced a law of burning directly proportional to the pressure. This law is the most simple of all, and allows an easy and complete integration of the equations entering into the problem. But, simple as is this law of Sebert and Hugoniot, we prefer to make use of Sarrau's law of the square root of the pressure, because the resulting formulas are easily worked, and give results which agree very well with facts, as stated by Sarrau, etc.

Passing over this point, we cannot but admire the elegance of Col. Ingalls's processes, the simplicity and symmetry of his resulting formulæ. Given his premises, his work is characterized by the logical arrangement which we have grown to expect from him, and his text must be regarded as a contribution to the subject. His applications, the test of all working ballisticians, show suitable agreement, the differences between observation and computation falling well within allowable limits of error. His methods give results in accord with our firings, where some foreign methods fail. This is all that can be expected until a Newton of ballistics shall arise, and brushing aside all paring and whittling of constants, shall sweep into one infallible law the gropings and approximations of the present day.

We observe a serious misstatement on page 11: our powders contain no nitroglycerine. The book is handsomely printed.

In science Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces the following titles for October: "The Curtiss Aviation Book," by Glenn H. Curtiss, and two volumes, "Chrysanthemums" and "Tulips," in their series of Garden Flowers in Color.

"British Trees, Including the Finer Shrubs for Garden and Woodland" (Dutton), by the late Rev. C. A. Johns, F.L.S., edited by E. T. Cook, is the enlarged second edition of a charming treatise written by an ardent lover of trees. It is a volume suggestive of Evelyn's "Sylvia" brought up to date. Mr. Johns had always at hand the treasury of facts known as Loudon's "Arboretum," and has rightly made use of good material wherever he found it. The result is, that the volume is a wise and cheerful companion for a summer lounge in any forest, and is even better for a fireside where forest wood is blazing. The Oak begins the book. Its history and its myths receive nearly as much attention as the natural history. The author cites from the writings of an entomologist the surprising statement that nearly half of the British insects which feed on vegetables inhabit the oak. "The total of insects which, during some period of their existence, derive their support either from the tree itself or from their fellow-colonists in it, will amount to scarcely less than two thousand." After this comes an account of the galls and gall-insects of the oak, not as precise as might be, but good enough for all prac-

tical purposes, so that one catches more than a glimpse of the mysterious altruism by which the wounded twig or leaf strives to care for the young of the insects that wound it. The general directions for the planting and care of woody plants are safe for England and are fairly applicable here, but the value of the book for Americans lies chiefly in the pleasant style in which woodcraft is described. The volume is fully illustrated, but the black and white drawings are hardly up to the average of good recent work, while the colored pictures are too impressionistic to be of any real use. At first sight, it seems as if some of the plates had been misnamed, but this is not really the case: the artist has allowed a little too much freedom to his brush and has not chosen characteristic subjects. But the text and the editing leave little to be desired.

Edward A. Calahan, inventor, died September 12, in Brooklyn. He was born at Boston in 1838. In 1867 he invented the gold and stock ticker, and organized the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company. In 1871 he organized the American District Telegraph Company. In 1872 he went to London, where he organized the Exchange Telegraph Company, Limited. In 1873 he invented the American District automatic messenger call-box. His last invention was the multiplex telegraph system, by which it was made possible to transmit seventy-two different messages over the same wire.

## Drama and Music

To his translations of the plays of August Strindberg, Edwin Björkman has added, in a small volume, "Miss Julia" and "The Stronger" (Scribner). Both pieces have already been noticed in these columns, having been put into English by other hands. But Mr. Björkman's work deserves special attention from the fact that it is an authorized translation, and furnishes, in the case of the somewhat notorious "Miss Julia," the author's elaborate preface. This important document helps to explain a certain indefiniteness observable in many of Strindberg's dramas, and especially in the work which it introduces. Julia, a count's headstrong daughter, who, in a rash moment, gives herself to her father's valet, is supposed to embody a complex of human nature. The great Swede had a dread of overcrediting a character for the stage, and of creating merely a type. He discovers such a tendency in Molière:

*Harpagon* is nothing but miserly, although *Harpagon* might as well have been at once miserly and a financial genius, a fine father, and a public-spirited citizen. What is worse yet, his "defect" is of distinct advantage to his son-in-law and daughter, who are his heirs, and for that reason, should not find fault with him, even if they have to wait a little for their wedding. I do not believe, therefore, in simple characters on the stage.

So, if Julia appears to the reader vacillating and possessed of no great single passion, such as the situation might seem to require, the author has a reason. She is a modern representative of the man-hating half-woman. She is likewise "a victim of the discord which a mother's crime produces in a family, and also a

victim of the day's delusions, and of the circumstances, of her defective constitution—all of which may be held equivalent to the old-fashioned fate or universal law." The author finds it easy to point out the places in the play where these characteristics make their appearance. With such an authentic guide, the play makes good reading, but considered independently, it lacks precision and motive. Mr. Björkman's translation is thoroughly idiomatic, and in certain instances shows an unusual capacity for finding accurate renderings of peculiar Swedish usage.

The probability is that "The Governor's Lady," just produced here in the Republic Theatre, will prove highly remunerative. As drama, literature, or a study of actual life, it can establish no claim to serious attention, but it is a noteworthy specimen of a modern play constructed upon commercial principles. It is understood that it was written by David Belasco, the most artful of stage managers, around a central idea furnished by Alice Bradley, a novice in theatrical work. And the piece supplies abundant internal evidence of the truth of this report. The basic idea, if not particularly fresh, is a good one for dramatic purposes. It conceives the case of a miner, who, after years of poverty and hard labor, suddenly becomes enormously rich and begins to entertain political ambitions. With wealth he has acquired knowledge of the world and social polish. But his wife, to whom he is deeply attached, remains the simple workman's mate she was before. She will not ape fashionable ways, wear fine clothes, take part in social festivities, or aid him to realize his aspirations. So they drift apart until, at last, he resolves to get a separation, make her a magnificent allowance, and go his own way. To this plan she is disposed to consent, until she discovers that he contemplates divorce and remarriage with a younger and more brilliant woman. Then she fights determinedly for the preservation of her good name, and, having beaten him in decisive fashion, finally gets a divorce on her own account, feeling that the barrier between them is insuperable.

Now, this, in outline, is an effective, coherent, and human story. But in the telling it is so distorted and complicated by the accumulation of obviously theatrical details—political, sensational, and ultra-sentimental—that it becomes absolutely incredible. In the beginning the man and the woman are natural living entities, and the probable reaction upon them of unforeseen circumstances would offer valuable opportunity to a psychological dramatist; but Mr. Belasco, who is only a clever stage manager, with an eye blind to everything but momentary stage effect, has converted them into monstrosities, the one of sentimental silliness, and the other of a repulsive selfishness which must have been fatal to his success in love, politics, or anything else. Yet he makes him triumphant, and caps the climax of dramatic absurdity by a "happy ending," which completely stultifies the whole argument of the play. In his mimicry of the actual he is as successful as ever. Many of his isolated scenes are as realistic and—apart from their context—as truthful as could be desired, but in the aggregate they are utterly, sometimes ridiculously,

false to human nature and to art. But the public appetite for clap-trap is insatiable.

It is not amazing, perhaps, that "Fanny's First Play," Bernard Shaw's latest theatrical invention, should have had great popularity in London, for it is packed with comic incident and broad humors—often as disingenuous as they are obvious—well calculated to please the great, uncultivated, and unreflecting mass of theatregoers. But it is amazing that the piece should have been treated so respectfully by responsible critics. Unquestionably it contains a fair measure of the mocking wit, the keen observation, the paradoxical turns, and the felicitous, if often misleading, illustrations, which characterize nearly everything that Mr. Shaw writes; but it traverses very old ground, and, so far as it has any substantial meaning at all, is but a reiteration of his impatience with principles some of which lie at the foundation of all civilized modern society. In the induction and the epilogue, when he contrasts the ancient romantic with the modern materialistic spirit, touches on the old and new drama, and castigates some of his critics, he is heard at his best, and it is easy to admire the sparkling cleverness of his dialogue, even when disagreeing with his argument. Here the display is, at least, intellectual. But the play is childish enough to be the work of the school-girl to whom it is ascribed. Unfortunately, this result is not due to any sense of artistic illusion or propriety on his part, but to his inability to divorce himself or his notions from the character he is depicting. His Bobby and Margaret, the youthful engaged couple, who, to the horror of their respectable parents, fall into dangerous company and are sent to jail, are presented as typical illustrations of the evils attending the exercise of home discipline and the inculcation of religious principles. Actually they show nothing but the dramatist's lack of all sense of proportion and his inability to discriminate between salutary and foolish discipline, between liberty and license. His assaults upon all sorts of religious conviction are evidences of bad taste as well as of his own illiberality, while his exhibitions of parental humiliation as choice food for laughter indicate a most deplorable cynicism. Social snobbery and hypocrisy are always fair game for the satirist, but virtue can never be served by an open disregard of it. "Fanny's First Play" is a product of pure commercialism, and it is discouraging to meet with it under the sponsorship of Granville Barker.

Granville Barker has been talking to a London reporter about his projected Shakespearean season at the Savoy Theatre. He said:

Do I propose to introduce at the Savoy any feature of a specially revolutionary character? Well, that depends on what one calls revolutionary. But among the things I want the members of the company to do is to realize the full force and meaning of the rhetorical method employed by Shakespeare, and to adapt themselves to its use. As to scenery, there will be merely enough for all decorative purposes. What we have to remember is that Shakespeare's plays were written to be acted without realistic scenery. Forget this circumstance and sooner or later you find yourself tumbling into some trap or pitfall. Walk howsoever warily you may, you are bound to be tripped up by some unexpected passage in the text. The result is that the discrepancy be-

tween the efforts of the scenic artist and the picture painted by Shakespeare generally becomes horribly apparent. There is one point upon which I am absolutely and obstinately set. In producing Shakespeare you must neither cut nor alter a single word as an excuse for creating a scenic effect. And in no case is the transposition of a scene, or even a sentence, permissible. I lay special stress upon these things, because it seems to me Shakespeare's plays are, in point of construction, marvellously perfect; his technique, particularly in the later plays, really wonderful.

Ere long Venetians and those who visit their romantic city will have an opportunity to go directly into the vestibule of a grand new opera house in their gondolas. This opera house is to be built on the Lido. It will be under the management of Cavallieri Rosetti, formerly of the Roman Costanzi Theatre, who intends to make of it a sort of Italian Bayreuth—a theatre in which model performances are to be given every year with the aid of the greatest singers and conductors. The repertory will include the best Italian operas of the past and present. Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and other composers have promised their cordial coöperation, and so have leading singers like Darclee, Pasini-Vitale, Caprile, Garbin, Titta Ruffo, Palet. The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan says that the plans for the theatre, which will hold 2,000 persons, are already sketched out.

The late Jules Massenet was not only the most popular French opera composer of the last two decades, but he also exerted a wide influence on most of his contemporaries. Debussy and Ravel, to be sure, are his antipodes; they scorn melody, whereas, he revels in it. But most of the others—among them Bruneau, Pierné, Vidal, Leroux, Bloch, Malherbe, and Charpentier—were affected in their style and thought and ideals by Massenet. He was, in fact, their teacher at the Conservatoire.

Charpentier's "Louise" was one of the greatest successes of Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera seasons. It was announced that the composer was at work on a sequel reintroducing its heroine. This opera is not yet written, but the Paris *Gauche* declares that he completed another work three years ago—a fairy opera, entitled "Vie du Poète." For this he wrote his own libretto. Paul Dukas, whose "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" has been in the repertory of the Metropolitan for two seasons, has also written his own libretto for a new opera entitled "The Doge of Venice." Xavier Leroux has in hand an opera based on a story by Catulle Mendès; it will go by the name of "Grand Maguet." The director of the Conservatoire, Gabriel Fauré, is using the last file on his "Penelope," which is to be staged at Monte Carlo next February, and a month later in Paris. Camille Erlanger's "Sorcière" is already in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique.

Concerning his latest opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos," Strauss has given some further characteristic information to a Viennese journalist. This opera, he said, is the most difficult of all his works. While the orchestra is made up of only thirty-five players, each one of them has to be a soloist. There is no doubling up of parts; each player has something different from all others. The score thus virtually becomes like chamber music, which is perhaps the most difficult branch of the art.



Besides the strings, there will be flutes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, a trumpet, a trombone, a kettledrum, a celesta, a newly invented harmonium, a piano, and two American harps. To show how much value he attaches to sensuous beauty of sounds, Strauss, at the original Stuttgart performance, is going to have all the parts that are assigned to members of the violin family played on old Italian instruments which have been brought together from many cities at considerable cost of money and time. All of which will make talk.

## Art

JOHN RUSKIN.

Logical analysis of the deeds and words of John Ruskin must end disconcertingly in paradox. He protested all his life against the slightest alteration of works of art, yet actually dismembered to distribute to his friends and classes a lovely psalter that had been pictured for St. Louis. John Ruskin was the most ornate writer of his century, and again the simplest. He was capable of the most just thinking on the troubled border line of morals and economics, and in the same breath of falling into the most obvious fallacy. Through reckless benevolence he dissipated a large inherited fortune, only to replace it by another gained through a novel and brilliant experiment as author-publisher. So all his doings reflect the oddest jumble of genius and sheer incapacity. He was the first fully to grasp the sublime tenderness of Tintoretto, yet he declared Rembrandt, in every way a kindred soul of the mighty Venetian, a vulgarian. Probably no writer of the century quickened so many readers to positive enthusiasm for art, and none surely has created so many aesthetic prigs to whom all genial apprehension of art is closed. Let us try to find the solution of these antinomies in Mr. E. T. Cook's "Life of Ruskin,"\* a dignified, perceptive, and ample work—a model of official biography.

The author, a friend and former student of Ruskin's at Oxford, has chosen a self-effacing part, playing rather the editor than the biographer. None of Ruskin's multiform activities is neglected; his obvious shortcomings are neither glozed nor over-emphasized. In the main, it is Ruskin himself who speaks, and from almost confusingly full materials, though admirably ordered, we must try to follow the main strands of activities singularly deep and ardent, yet seldom quite free from caprice.

To survey such a personality as John

Ruskin's is inevitably to be dazzled by the Ariel quality of iridescence that envelops him. At times I think of him as an amplified Mrs. Browning transferred to the neuter gender and to prose. That he regarded "Don Quixote" as the most mischievous of books and thought "Aurora Leigh" finer than Shakespeare, bears out the analogy. And then I recall how Ruskin drew and held such essentially masculine men as Furnivall, Norton, Thackeray, Carlyle; and reflect that he possibly had no more of the androgynous temperament than is proper to all genius of poetic type. The verdict of contemporaries, which is often wrong but unfailingly instructive, may profitably be consulted in his case. They thought him a supreme critic of art. Though, in "Seven Lamps" and "Stones of Venice," he left two lasting works upon architecture, and furthered a handful of worthy enthusiasms—Turner, Giotto, Tintoretto, Luini, Carpaccio, Botticelli owed to him a kind of resurrection—yet his art criticism was almost devoid of historic insight. What art had actually signified to the men who demanded it and supplied it he never really knew, substituting instead the forms of his own enthusiasms and the limitations of his own experience. The solid residuum of a merely judicious work like Sir Joshua's "Discourses" is infinitely greater than that of all of Ruskin's writing on art. It is a true document of a period, whereas Ruskin's essays on art are chiefly documents of an extraordinarily interesting personality otherwise well represented.

His authority as an arbiter of the beautiful rested first upon the abject condition of art criticism in England in his time. There simply was no one who thought well on the subject after Hazlitt and Haydon were gone. Then his constant endeavor to harmonize the good, the beautiful, and the true was sympathetic to Victorian syncretism. It was the period of reconciling adventure across the void between science and revealed religion. His romantic medievalism, too, was akin to such sentimental reactions as the High Church Movement, and Pre-Raphaelitism. Above all, his fervor made him the approved successor of those poets and thinkers who had thrown off the yoke of eighteenth-century rationalism. No English writer is more nearly akin to the Continental Romantics. In fact, if we extract the purely contemporaneous part of his art criticism and except his architectural treatises, rather little is left but a lofty mood and a splendid rhetoric. All the enthusiasms he created have had to be regrounded more comprehensively. And his aversions, including Claude, Rembrandt, Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, which were potent in their day, few would now be foolish enough to adopt. His art criticism has reached the stage where it is

esteemed much, read little, and believed not at all, which may seem a tolerable definition of a literary classic.

His contemporaries unanimously acclaimed his power and charm as a recorder of natural beauty, and here they were right. At this point, indeed, there was a preestablished harmony between the man and his public. Nothing has been more characteristic of British feeling for two centuries past than a fairly religious enthusiasm for Nature. Their poets are the first moderns to take Nature in a mystical sense, their painters developed in aquarelle the freshest and swiftest method of catching landscape effects. Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats had familiarized almost every aspect of natural beauty, from pietistic to pagan. And science was bringing into these familiar experiences a sense of awe and of immemorial years. It was the moment when landscape beauty had its fullest content of associations, and Ruskin expressed in the beautiful prose of "Modern Painters," IV and V, the full and definitive emotions of his race as regards Nature—conveyed these emotions not merely with eloquence, but with the most scrupulous accuracy. He "collected skies," he used to say, and the elaborately lovely and apparently ornate descriptions in "Modern Painters" were literally made with the eye on the object. Moreover, the undercurrent of devoutness towards Nature's God and of compassion towards all men gives to a very particularized work a universal bearing. It may be doubted if a volume like that on the mountains could have been written at any other time. Ten years later Ruskin himself could hardly have written anything so massively fine. The advance of scientific discovery was bewildering him, as all the world, and he was taking refuge in petulance and whimsicality. Much beauty, both Alpine and British, which he had captured in its virginal estate, had been smirched or had actually perished. If the purpose of art be, as John La Farge loved to insist, commemoration, Ruskin's writings on Nature have the surest title to immortality. He transferred to prose and immeasurably enriched a form of art that had been largely confined to poetry. In that vein he has seldom been successfully imitated and never surpassed.

In regarding John Ruskin as a wretched political economist his contemporaries judged themselves most severely. His counsels of perfection, which were alternately dismissed as negligible or revolting, have become quite the staple of modern political thought; and large portions of the seemingly fanciful programme of "Unto this Last" is now written into the world's statute books. "The economic man" may still exist, but he is no longer held up as exemplary. The old automatic theories of ex-

\*The Life of Ruskin. By E. T. Cook; in two volumes, with portraits. London: George Allen & Co., Ltd.; New York: The Macmillan Co. \$7 net.

change have quietly gone by the board. Ruskin no longer appears as a dangerous and irresponsible Radical, but as a remote and quite respectably pious precursor of Matthew Arnold, in "Arminius Letters," and of the sociological speculations of H. G. Wells and George Bernard Shaw. He wrote in the blackest period of political thickheadedness in his land. The rule of hands off and muddle through when you must was still unchallenged. Ruskin's appeal to morality and reason seemed quite stridently ridiculous. It was true, as he once wrote to his father, that any M. P. would more bitterly resent the stopping of his partridge shooting by the Czar than the massacre of all the Russians. And Ruskin was one of the powerful influences that have changed all that, giving us a strangely perturbed and almost unrecognizable Britain faced towards new and uncertain destinies—destinies that one dreads to forecast, yet surely less ignoble in the worst event than was the old materialistic complacency.

In fairness to Ruskin's contemporaries it should be said that he committed the quite unpardonable indiscretion of holding them up to the Christianity they professed. From Savonarola to Tolstoy this has been an intolerable attitude. And with all the sobriety and cogency of his main argument, Ruskin often left himself pitifully weak in details. Where his illustrations were palpably absurd, it was easy to ignore the justness of his general principles. For instance, in "Queen of the Air" he urges that all heavy, imperishable freight should be dragged in barges in order to reduce employment in the dangerous and unsanitary work of the railways. A moment's reflection will show that the recommendation has nothing for it but its picturesqueness. It needs but slight acquaintance with workingmen to perceive that the return to barge freighting would swell a vicious and ignorant class while diminishing a sober and intelligent *élite*. Yet the nobility and general rightness of his political theories should have appealed to a generation that devoured both its Tupper and Tennyson. That it left them cold indicates barriers in the Mid-Victorian mind that have since happily been removed. But to-day we still suffer from the fetish that inordinate production is the highest economic good, while consumption relatively takes care of itself. Ruskin's moral analysis of trade precisely reverses this relation, and in its broader lines his argument should constantly gain force with the progress of politico-moral education. Nor can his general doctrine, that every economic transaction is necessarily tinged with morality, be safely gainsaid. Our complete responsibility for all the effects of our getting and spending is the central point of his social ethics. And here the growth of a more sensitive economic conscience will

constantly add to his fame as a prophet.

What most discredited him as a reformer was surely a certain whimsical levity. This amiable personal trait rightly diminished his authority as a prophet. The gravity proper to the rôle he never could sustain. He was wafted about by the sheer richness of his mental associations, so that the deeper analogies of the imagination are constantly diluted into merely fanciful by-play. In fact, Ruskin indulged a Puck-like secondary personality. Like all true romantics, he was an object of amusement to himself. Fundamentally, the most passionately serious of men, he kept something of a spoiled child's interest in his own humors. I think he never deliberately mystified a reader, but he often dallied with an opinion until it looked confusedly like a conviction or dissipated itself in an iridescent whim. Until we perceive the radiant Ariel-streak that runs through the heroic thews of the prophet, we shall study the prophet in vain. And I am not sure but that a rather important document with which to approach Ruskin is his description of Cardinal Manning's hospitality duly rendered to a spinster neighbor at Coniston, Miss Beever: "He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, hare, and currant jelly, puff pastry like Papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—raisins and almonds, and those lovely preserved cherries like kisses kept in amber." Such was Ruskin at sixty in the intervals when the prophet was put aside. Evidently, no prophet may indulge this vein too often with impunity. If space permitted, it would be interesting to contrast the brilliant fancy of Ruskin with the sardonic humor of Carlyle and the unexpected mother wit of Emerson, both of which are compatible enough with spiritual leadership. Instead, let us recall that true touch in Charles Morrice's striking novel, "Il est ressuscité." Christ returned to modern Paris is greeted with an invitation to chat. The response is, "On ne cause pas avec moi." Ruskin was at most times willing to chat, and it seriously impairs his impressiveness as a sage.

To have written so much on Ruskin without specific analysis of his prose style may require apology. Yet its qualities of aerial eloquence are those of the man we have been considering, and its qualities we may assume to be familiar to all readers. Ruskin himself wrote that he had three styles: first, when he wished to be understood; secondly, when he wished to please himself; thirdly, when he tossed the reins to his invention.

Of the first manner "Unto this Last" is the best example; of the second, perhaps "Stones of Venice," "Sesame and Lilies," or "Queen of the Air"; of the third, "Modern Painters," I, or "Cestus of Aglaia," with large portions of

"Fors Clavigera." Since the ornate style of the man, both in its more torrential and more disciplined beauties, is familiar to all readers, let me cite instead from "Unto this Last" a central passage in which Ruskin strove to be understood by plain men:

The idea that directions can be given for the gaining of wealth, irrespective of the consideration of its moral sources, or that any general and technical law of purchase and gain can be set down for national practice, is perhaps the most insolently futile of all that ever beguiled men through their vices. So far as I know, there is not in history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest" represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market?—yes, but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly, but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day, was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more, or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head, or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

This admirable passage is thoroughly characteristic of Ruskin's argumentative style at all periods. Its qualities of rhythm and just emphasis, of ready and rich allusion, are obvious. Less apparent, possibly, is the defect of being unvarying in the superlative mood. Carlyle would have done the thing with fewer adjectives, and his more direct bludgeoning would have bruised more sorely. Ruskin, with all his energy, remains more volatile, at once more persuasive and more subject to misinterpretation. Such a passage as we have chosen seemed to a Saturday Reviewer of the time merely the preachment of "a mad governess"; to-day it heartens like a trumpet blast wherever men turn the light of their better natures upon problems of trade and the state. It is first-class Ruskin of the plainer sort.

It was ever a grief to Ruskin that his style was more often mentioned than his opinions. To whatever conviction, however just and universal, his eloquence lent the tinge of idiosyncrasy. It is an interesting speculation what Ruskin's influence might have been could he have written with the energetic simplicity of Mill or Taine, or with the massive and essentially social eloquence of Carlyle or Michelet. As it was, his influence was great, but he carried his readers only half way, and was taken most rhetorically when he was most serious. There is no more pathetic recollection than the aged and baffled prophet vainly pouring out his soul for



working folk in the tracts called "Fors Clavigera." To write with his heart's blood and be read for the turn of a phrase—this was his constant experience. And probably the few working-men who did read "Fors" concurred in Browning's feeling about "Modern Painters," Vol. I, that he "could agree with him [Ruskin] only by snatches."

As to the origins of his ampler style, much ingenuity has been expended. The matter really seems rather simple. Ruskin was brought up on the English Bible, and his father always carried along in the family coach a miniature set of Dr. Johnson's works. This was the boy's reading as they journeyed through the shires. Now Dr. Johnson's periodic and Latinized diction relates him spiritually to the Mermaid Tavern. He represents amid the simplicity of eighteenth-century prose an authentic continuity, through the great divines, of the Elizabethan tradition. Burke and De Quincey more imperfectly belong to the same strain. Ruskin, as the consummate and conscious representative of the tradition, naturally reinforced himself from the great exemplars, Hooker, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, but without such reading his style would have been much what it is—rhythmically eloquent and sustained, various, capricious, teasing—eminently beautiful, and completely unmodern. The irony and curious allusiveness of the manner Mr. Cook plausibly refers to Ruskin's lifelong reading of the Dialogues of Plato. If so, the essential temperateness underlying the Platonic ideality was strangely missed.

After all, it is the man in John Ruskin, multiform and perplexing, which is paradoxically attractive. Of the great romantic temperaments he is the purest type, with the possible exception of Shelley, that England has produced. His affinity with Rousseau and Swift, Ruskin himself asserted. And, in fact, he shared the expansive humanitarianism and cult of simplicity of the Genevan philanthropist with a strong dose of the stern indignation against human folly and ignorance which tortured the Dean of St. Patrick's. Nor are the episodes of Vanessa and of Rose La Touche without their pathetic analogies; while it may seem worthy of note that, during the first separation from his wife, Ruskin took the pains to visit the scene of Rousseau's idyl at Les Charmettes. All of John Ruskin's unqualifiedly great work falls within about nine marvellous years, beginning with 1851 and ending in 1860 with the *Cornhill* essays on political economy. The interval saw the completion of "Stones of Venice" and of the deathless part of "Modern Painters." Only in these years, from his thirty-second to his fortieth, and under especial circumstances of the discipline of mispraise, he seems to have been fully captain of his soul.

Such a life is replete with charm, with warning, and with example. A great disordered spirit—magnanimous even in disorder, unfailingly beautiful in self-expression, uniquely alive to the hope of social justice and to the consoling reality of natural loveliness—such is the final impression I retain of John Ruskin. From the smaller defects of his romanticism he was quite free. No one has acknowledged more humbly the supremacy of the serenely poised geniuses—Plato, Dante, Titian, Shakespeare—with whom he never presumed to associate himself. In whatever paradise his soul may have attained, his place should be near his beloved Turner. Both shared a similar reverence for ordinary nature, oddly contradicted by the need of wreaking in the lambent void of pure fancy a tumultuously creative mood. Alike they are great personalities, and, if well short of the greatest, very great artists withal—appealing through a delicate gorgeousness, almost persuasive in a kind of dæmonic irresponsibility.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Scribners are preparing to publish in two sumptuous volumes a book on "Colonial Furniture in America," by Luke Vincent Lockwood. This is technically a second edition of a work of the same name by Mr. Lockwood, but in effect it is a new production more than twice as large as the earlier book and much more fully illustrated.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. will publish in October six new volumes in their Great Masters Series, viz.: "Three French Painters of the Eighteenth Century," "Great English Portrait Painters," "Leaders of English Pre-Raphaelites," "Three Great Florentine Painters," "Three Great Portrait Painters," and "Three Great Modern Painters." The same house is bringing out Flora Klickmann's "Home Art Crochet Book," and "Meissonier" and "Rossetti" in Nineteenth Century Art Books.

One of the most interesting books in the autumn list of Small, Maynard & Co. is a translation by Mrs. Romilly Fedden of Paul Gsell's "Art, by Auguste Rodin." This is to be a large quarto volume, with something like 100 illustrations in photo-gravure and half-tone.

The Bruno Hessling Co. is bringing out a new edition of Blunck's "Lessons on Form."

By reducing the lecture amphitheatre of the Fogg Museum, thus improving its acoustic qualities, a new semi-circular corridor will be gained in which the casts will be installed. This will do away with the present confusing juxtaposition of casts and originals, leaving the main entrance hall free for the exhibition of the Museum's larger original sculptures.

Ogden Wood, the dean of the American artists in Paris, died there last Friday at the age of sixty-five. For forty-five years he had lived in an attic near the church of the Sacred Heart.

The death is announced of George Hay, the artist. He was born in Edinburgh, and was elected secretary of the Royal Scottish

Academy in 1881. His best-known work was done in illustration of Scotch history and fiction.

## Finance

### THE GREAT HARVESTS OF 1912.

Nearly 1,000,000,000 bushels more of grain have been raised this year in the United States than in 1911, and 379,000,000 bushels more than in the previous high-record season, 1906. These figures are no longer "trade guesswork." The aggregate of the Government estimate of a week ago is 5,219,000,000 bushels, all of which is safe, with the exception of part of the corn, the potatoes, and buckwheat. As the Government report puts it, the indications are for a total production of all cereals amounting to 133,016,000 tons, about 20.3 per cent. more than last year, 6.1 per cent. more than in 1910, and 16.2 per cent. more than in 1909.

Even the small grains, fodder crops, and vegetables have this year fallen in line. The potato crop's prospect is for 36 per cent. more than last year, 14 per cent. in excess of 1910, and 2 per cent. more than in 1909. It has never been equalled in this country, the estimated yield being 9,000,000 bushels over the previous high record of 1904. Last week's Government estimate on the crop of hay is not only 31 per cent. above last year's, but exceeds by a million and a quarter of tons the largest previous yield on record. It will go far towards replenishing the greatly depleted home reserves, which have followed the very short hay crop of last year and the heavy consumption due to the severe winter.

Furthermore, the present outlook is that when the October returns of threshings of wheat, oats, and barley are in, they will swell the present estimates materially; for the spring wheat yields have been extraordinarily large, and the oats crop has been big everywhere. Last week's Government estimate on the total wheat yield, 690,000,000 bushels, was below what the trade expects, for the mere condition figures this year do not fully represent the remarkable yields that have been made in the Northwest and in Montana.

There is therefore little doubt entertained in the grain trade that the spring wheat crop has been underestimated—just as the Government's July returns underestimated the winter wheat, making increase in the indicated outcome necessary when the actual yields were in evidence. The estimates on oats, according to the grain market's general impression, will probably be raised about five bushels per acre in the final returns; for in that crop also, yields have run so heavy as to exceed all private estimates. Where forty bushels per acre has been considered good in

past years, the outturn has risen to forty-five and fifty bushels this season, and a count of many of the leading points in Illinois by private parties shows an average of fifty-five bushels, and some run above 75 to 100 bushels, with returns of even larger size occasionally reported. An average of even forty bushels oats per acre for the country would mean more than 1,500,000,000 bushels for the crop, or 110,000,000 bushels above the recent Government figures.

The corn crop, which has long been the point of doubt, because it went into the ground so late this year and because of the danger of serious damage from premature September frosts, has made unusual autumn progress. The prolonged hot, forcing weather of this month has already largely overcome the handicap of the belated planting, and while there has been some loss in the Southwest by extreme heat, there were more bushels made in other sections by the high temperatures, so that losses appear trivial. Two weeks more will see a great percentage of the crop out of danger of frost, and, in fact, much of it is now already past that stage. All allowances made, a crop of 3,000,000,000 bushels is promised, barring serious damage from killing frosts before the middle of October, and this would set a new record.

In view of the intimations that the home wheat crops, in some European countries which habitually buy from us to supply their needs, are running exceptionally short, it is a highly interesting question how much the United States can spare for such purposes from its crop of 1912. On that will largely depend the volume of our export trade this coming season, the course of foreign exchange, and our command over Europe's gold. What the trade now figures out is that a surplus of 200,000,000 bushels will be possessed by the United States this year, on the basis of a 690,000,000-bushel wheat crop, and, should the estimate of yield be raised in the final returns, that will enlarge correspondingly the available surplus.

This would permit of exports of 100,000,000 bushels, as against something like 79,000,000 in the crop year ending last June, and would still leave a sufficient reserve for carrying over, on July 1, 1913. The indications, therefore, are that the United States is to have an excellent export trade with Europe for some months to come; its actual volume, however, depending upon the supply of ocean freight-room, rates for which (partly in consequence of the impending heavy shipments from America) are now at the highest point in years.

In view of all these circumstances together, the season immediately ahead of us in American agriculture, commerce, and industry bids fair to open a new

and exceedingly interesting chapter in the country's financial history.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Adams, M. B. *Modern Cottage Architecture*. Second edition, revised. Lane. \$3.50 net.
- Adams, S. H. *The Secret of Lonesome Cove*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
- Allen, Phoebe. *The Last Legitimate King of France, Louis XVII.* Dutton. \$5 net.
- Allyn, L. B. *Elementary Applied Chemistry*. Boston: Ginn.
- Armstrong, R. C. *Just Before the Dawn: The Life and Work of Ninomiya Sontoku*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
- Barbour, R. H. *Cupid on Route*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.
- Bashkirtseff, Marie. *New Journal*, translated from the French by M. J. Safford. Dodd, Mead. \$1 net.
- Benson, E. F. *Mrs. Ames*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.25 net.
- Birmingham, G. A. *Priscilla's Spies*. Doran. \$1.20 net.
- Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 75 cents net.
- Borel, Henri. *The New China*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50 net.
- Bronson, W. C. *American Poems (1625-1892)*. University of Chicago. \$1.50 net.
- Browning, Oscar. *A History of the Modern World (1815-1910)*. 2 vols. Cassell. \$7.50 net.
- Cardozo, E. C. *Salvage*. Boston: Badger.
- Carew, R. M. *The Contralto*. Boston: Badger. \$1.35 net.
- Carito, Diomede. *Nella Terra di Washington*. Naples: Libreria Detken & Rocholl.
- Chambers, R. W. *The Streets of Acalon*. D. Appleton. \$1.40 net.
- Chatterton, E. K. *Through Holland in the Vivette*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2 net.
- Chefro's *Memoirs: Reminiscences of a Society Palmist*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2 net.
- Chinese Poems*. Translated by Charles Budd. Frowde.
- Clark, E. H. *The Camp at Sea Duck Cove*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
- Cleveland, F. A., and Powell, F. W. *Railroad Finance*. D. Appleton. \$2.50 net.
- Collins, John Churton. *Posthumous Essays*, edited by L. C. Collins. Dutton. \$2 net.
- Collison-Morley, L. *Modern Italian Literature*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.50 net.
- Comer, C. A. P. *The Preliminaries, and Other Stories*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.
- Comstock, H. T. *Princess Rags and Tatters*. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
- Conyers, Dorothea. *The Arrival of Antony*. Dutton. \$1.35 net.
- Corbett, C. H. *Old Testament Story: A Manual for Teachers of Young Students; Pupil's Notebook*. University of Chicago Press. \$1 net; 50 cents net.
- Cornellie's *Le Cid*. Edited by C. Searles. Boston: Ginn.
- Daphne in the Fatherland. Brentano. \$1.35 net.
- Dehan, Richard. *Between Two Thieves*. Stokes. \$1.40 net.
- Dell, J. A. *The Gateways of Knowledge: The Senses*. Putnam. \$1.50 net.
- Elselen, F. C. *The Christian View of the Old Testament*. Eaton & Mains. \$1 net.
- Faris, J. T. *Men Who Made Good*. Revell. \$1.25 net.
- Foster, R. F. *Royal Auction Bridge*. Stokes. \$1 net.
- Frankau, Gilbert. *Jack —: One of Us: A Novel in Verse*. Doran. \$1.20 net.
- Fullerton, G. S. *The World We Live In*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
- Garretson, A. S. *Primitive Christianity and Early Criticisms*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.50 net.
- Gates, J. S. *The Turkey Doll*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
- George, W. L. *The City of Light: A Novel of Modern Paris*. Brentano. \$1.35 net.
- Gibson, W. W. *Fires*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
- Gjellerup, Karl. *The Pilgrim Kamanita*. Trans. by J. E. Logie. Dutton. \$1.25 net.
- Glaspell, Susan. *Lifted Masks (stories)*. Stokes. \$1 net.
- Gleason, A. H. *The Spirit of Christmas*. Stokes. 50 cents net.
- Granger, Frank. *Historical Sociology: A Textbook of Politics*. Second edition. Dutton. \$1.35 net.
- Gregory, B. C. *Better Schools*. Edited by J. L. Hughes. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
- Halifax, Robert. *A Whistling Woman*. Stokes. \$1.25 net.
- Hamilton, M. A. *Less than the Dust*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
- Hardy, A. S. *Aurèle*. Illustrated by E. S. Green. Harper. 50 cents net.
- Harrison, E. S. *An Elementary Spanish Reader*. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.
- Irath, Sidney. *Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$3 net.
- Hegner, R. W. *College Zoölogy*. Macmillan. \$2.50 net.
- Herford, Oliver. *The Mythological Zoo*. Scribner. 75 cents net.
- Hill, G. A. *The Essentials of Physics*. Boston: Ginn.
- Hopkins, W. J. *Concerning Sally*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.35 net.
- Housing Problems in America*. Proceedings First International Conference. National Housing Association.
- Houston, E. J. *The Boy Electricians as Detectives*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
- Howorth, H. H. *Saint Gregory the Great*. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
- Hrdlicka, A., and others. *Early Man in South America*. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
- Kernahan, Coulson. *The Man of No Sorrows*. Cassell. 50 cents net.
- Kimball, L. G. *English Grammar*. American Book Co. 60 cents.
- Krausz, Sigmund. *The Cameo of the Empress*. Chicago: Laird & Lee. \$1.25 net.
- Lamb, Charles and Mary. *Mrs. Leicester's School*. Illustrated by Winifred Green. Dutton. \$1.60 net.
- Lang, Andrew. *A Short History of Scotland*. Dodd, Mead. \$2 net.
- Lawrence, W. J. *The Elizabethan Playhouse, and Other Studies*. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
- Loval-Fraser, J. A. *John Stuart, Earl of Bute*. Putnam. 80 cents.
- Lucas, E. V. *A Little of Everything*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
- Luther, M. L. *The Woman Of It*. Harper. \$1.30 net.
- Macfarland, C. S. *Spiritual Culture and Social Service*. Revell. \$1 net.
- Maistre, Xavier de. *La Jeune Sibérienne*. Edited, with notes, by C. W. Robson. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.
- Maniates, B. K. *David Dunne*. Chicago: Rand, McNally. \$1.25 net.
- Méneval, Baron de. *The Empress Josephine*. Trans. from the French by D. D. Fraser. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2.50 net.
- Morris, William. *News From Nowhere*. (Pocket edition.) Longmans.
- Morse, E. W. *Causes and Effect in American History*. Scribner. \$1.25 net.
- Munger, D. H. *The Wind Before the Dawn*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.35 net.
- Napier, Rosamond Tamsie. Doran. \$1.35 net.
- Neal, R. W. *Thought-Building in Composition*. Macmillan. 80 cents net.
- Neff, Elizabeth. *Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sheriff*. Stokes. \$1 net.
- Niles, G. G. *The Hoosac Valley*. Putnam.
- Noe, Cotton. *The Loom of Life*. Boston: Badger.
- Nordling, Johan. *The Moonlight Sonata: A Novel*. Sturgis & Walton. \$1.25 net.
- Patterson, J. G. *A Zola Dictionary*. Dutton. \$3 net.
- Peck, G. C. *The Method of the Master*. Revell. \$1 net.
- Pepper, J. H. *The Boys' Playbook of Science*. Revised and rewritten. Dutton. \$2.50 net.
- Phelps, W. L. *Teaching in School and College*. Macmillan. \$1 net.
- Prichard, K. and H. *The Cahusac Mystery*. Sturgis & Walton. \$1.25 net.
- Rabelais, Francis. *Works translated into English*. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$5 net.
- Rawnsley, W. F. *Introductions to the Poets*. Dutton. 75 cents net.
- Reed, Myrtle. *The White Shield*. Putnam. \$1.50 net.



Rice, Alice Hegau. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Century. \$1.25 net.  
 Richards, Grant. Caviare. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.30 net.  
 Roberts, P. I. The Dry Dock of a Thousand Wrecks. Revell. \$1 net.  
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